The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. XLII NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 11, 1925 NUMBER 536

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The Week

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE is now, and for the first time, completely responsible for the administration of his high office. From the death of Mr. Harding until the election last November it was felt, quite properly, that he was entangled in the undischarged liabilities of his predecessor. This was still recognized, though to a less degree, between the election and the inauguration. The Congress with which he has had to deal has been a lame duck Congress; all Washington has been marking time until it should depart. From now on, however, Mr. Coolidge must stand on his own legs. He holds his office by the will of an enormous majority of those who voted last November. His popularity is striking, and indeed extraordinary in view of the personality on which it is based. His particular brand of conservatism completely controls the Republican party, and seems to reflect accurately the prevailing mood of the country at large. The nation is prosperous; the obligations of the War and the problems which followed in its train are being liquidated. If his administration should fail to be successful, it will be hard for him to find an alibi.

FROM the moment when Mr. Coolidge acceded to the Presidency, there has been an obvious and rather sickening stampede among Republican politicians and some of the Washington correspondents to find in him a host of virtues which they had never before been able to see. Men who had ignored him from 1921 to 1923, and were certain that he was not even a strong enough figure to be renominated for Vice-President, suddenly went into raptures over his wit, sagacity, courage and statesmanship. Since the November landslide these efforts to paint his portrait larger than life-size have been redoubled. Sedulous press agents have described to the world the New Coolidge, self-willed, aggressive, a man of pronounced views and high executive capacity for translating those views into accomplished results.

IT is of course true that the President now feels free to express himself in a way which was not possible while the Harding policies were still a millstone around his neck. His present activities therefore constitute a more normal display of Coolidgeism than his actions in 1923 and 1924. While this is true, close scrutiny of his recent record shows nothing, in our judgment, which makes it necessary to modify the opinion regarding him which we have repeatedly expressed in our columns. We think that in so far as his present admirers are honest they are led astray by the importance the Presidency now has in our governmental system, and confuse the office with its incumbent. When a decision of the Executive profoundly affects the welfare of millions of people it is easy to imagine erroneously that it has been taken with the greatest firmness and in the spirit of high statesmanship; or that failure to decide is itself a policy, instead of sheer human inability to make up one's mind.

THE acid test of a President's personal qualities is not the amount of influence he exerts while in office, but what he amounts to after his return to private life. Of the last six Executives two have died, and one has become incapacitated, in office. Of the other three, Cleveland as a private citizen

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was able to obliterate the memory of the unlucky closing years of his Presidency; Taft has grown in stature, and Roosevelt, while he disappointed many of his former supporters in the last years of his life, gained the admiration of an entirely different group. It is fair to say that the solution to the Coolidge riddle is probably at least five or six, perhaps nine or ten, years away.

WITHIN a week death has taken two of the outstanding men of Northern Europe—Branting of Sweden, and Ebert of Germany. While the former possessed superior personal qualifications, the accident of nationality has made the death of the latter a much more serious blow. President Ebert was one of the best friends of republicanism in his country. He was also a friend of conciliation with France. His death comes at a time when Royalist sentiment is rising in Germany, and is strongly represented in Reichstag and Cabinet. Even if Ebert had lived, a serious struggle was in prospect at the expiration of his presidential term next June. It is at least within the bounds of possibility that the former Crown Prince may be elected President and thereafter return to the monarchy just as did Louis Napoleon in the creation of the Second Empire in France.

EBERT'S death, moreover, comes at a time when the international sky is darkening once more. The atmosphere of apparent good will and reasonableness which marked the inauguration of the Dawes plan has already disappeared. Either because of the pressure of the domestic political situation, or for other reasons, Herriot, the radical and friend of conciliation, daily grows more like Poincaré. Everyone knows that the famous report of the interallied Military Committee of Control is only a pretext. Germany may or may not possess more weapons than the Treaty of Versailles permits. We do not believe she is at all likely to attempt such a suicidal course as armed resistance, though the general policy of the Allies since 1918 has been one to take all heart out of the Moderates. But if Germany did not possess so much as a penknife, France would still manage to scrape up some excuse for staying on the Rhine, just as she will find a pretext to remain in the Saar.

MEANWHILE, the question of compacts of security is again in the air. The Joint Council of the Trade Union Congress and the National Executive of the British Labor party has gone on record as favoring the outlawry of war in the terms provided by the Geneva Protocol. Spokesmen of the Conservative government explain that because of antagonism by the Dominions and for other reasons, the present Protocol is objectionable; but the government is inclined to look with favor on a proposal for regional guarantees of mutual security. Any such system, of course, would include within one region Great Britain and Western Europe. London hears that possible signatories would be England, France, Germany, Italy and Belgium. Paris hears that Germany is likely to be left out because she will not consent to a guarantee of the existing western boundary of Poland, upon which France insists. Berlin hears that a separate agreement of mutual security between Germany and France is likely. We dislike to seem pessimistic; but we must record our conviction that there is little reality behind these rumors. There are actually two possible developments: either a general scheme of security such as the Geneva Protocol provides, or a military alliance between England and France whereby the former would underwrite the continental policy of the latter and come to her aid if it should bring on a war. Neither of these courses appeals very much to Great Britain; and she will embark on neither unless she is convinced that she must.

WHEN it became known that Count Michael Karolyi had been permitted to come to America to visit the Countess, dangerously ill in New York, only after promising to wear a State Department muzzle, it was supposed that the incident was unique, an individual indiscretion which presumably would not be repeated. By his letter to Senator Borah in response to the latter's inquiry on behalf of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, Mr. Hughes has raised his action into a policy and a precedent completely at variance with traditional American ideals. He explains that the action is taken under unrepealed war legislation of 1918 by which the President or the Secretary of State as his agent is entitled to prevent "the entry of aliens whose activities might be prejudicial to our interests." Acting under this authority, the Department of State forced Count Karolyi to promise "not to engage in political activities." With a naïveté which is magnificent if genuine, Mr. Hughes explains that "no question of freedom of speech in any proper sense is deemed to be involved," since the point at issue is "the right of an alien to admission." In other words, you have not interfered with a man's liberty if you have forced him to yield it up himself on pain of continued separation from his wife, seriously ill with typhoid fever.

IN regard to Count Karolyi, Secretary Hughes says something which, coming from anyone other than a high official, could only be characterized as scandalmongering by innuendo. "It is assumed," he tells Senator Borah, "that the members of your committee are acquainted with the history of Count Karolyi." He does not recite that history but goes on to hint at its horrid darkness by using again the old familiar rubber-stamp: "Information in the possession of the Department of State which it would not be compatible with the public interest to make public, made it advisable that this precaution

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be taken." We suggest that Secretary Kellogg should now impart this all-important secret stuff in confidence to the members of Senator Borah's committee, and let them see whether they agree with his predecessor about its horrendous character. For it is certainly nonsense to argue that the Count has not been muzzled by his pledge "to abstain from political activity." The pro-Horthy Hungarian press in this country is attacking him on various grounds, including the misappropriation of $37,000 which was raised here in 1914. He cannot defend himself without "indulging in political activity." That the State Department takes this view is evidenced by the gracious permission it has now granted him to speak at a luncheon in his honor.

IT is a pity that Mr. Hughes, before retiring from office, did not have an opportunity to expatiate on just the precise points in Count Karolyi's history which make him a menace to "our" interests. Count Karolyi, as everyone knows, is an honest liberal who has spent his life fighting for justice and freedom for the Hungarian people. In that struggle he has lost his enormous estates and a vast fortune, his social and political position, and has suffered poverty, exile and great personal danger. The Count opposes the present bloody-handed Horthy régime which represents black reaction at its worst. For political reasons which have to do with the whole struggle with France for the hegemony of Europe, Great Britain is inclined to favor the Horthy government. But is the United States required to play Great Britain's game? Or is our present government so addicted to reaction that we are prepared to underwrite it in any part of the world?

MISS ABBY ROCKEFELLER, so we are told by the press reports of her approaching marriage, is to live in a quite unpretentious apartment and "do her own housework." This plan is in full accord with the Rockefeller tradition. In principle it has many admirable points. The young wife will loyally adapt herself to the "station" of her husband. By simple living she will learn the value of money, as her father is said to have done in his own youth. But from another point of view this line of action is a line of least resistance which avoids a great though difficult opportunity. The criticism which has often been brought against Americans that they do not know how to live is not wholly unjust. In this country, where the middle classes have held the field alone, no great contribution to the art of living has been made. Americans have learned to give money—none better than the Rockefellers. But, we are told, they have not learned how to use money for the enhancement of the best in cultivated living. The flaunting garishness of American millionairedom generally is one symptom of this failure. But so is the unrealistic retention of the stalwart virtues of the lower middle-class housewife. Having to "learn the value of money" by such exercises is itself a confession of the bankruptcy of the middle-class tradition.

IS the cross word puzzle an agency of education? From time to time victims of the new verbomania have put forward claims, apparently in all seriousness, the effect of which is to hail the puzzle as one of the great educational discoveries of the age. No doubt is possible of the efficacy of the cross word puzzle for monopolizing the interest of its victims and effectively consuming large slices of their time and energy. If their exercises are a sheer dissipation that fact ought to be made perfectly clear and the educational fallacy scotched once for all. It seems to us quite certain that it is a fallacy. The case against the cross words is in two counts. Word association, like all association, is contextual. A word is mastered for use only when it is mastered in the use desired. Learning that the three letter word for "skill" is "art" and that the name of an Egyptian God is "Ra" is of no earthly use for the understanding or discussion of æsthetics or mythology. Furthermore, and this is the more important count, the cross word puzzle, far from sharpening the word sense of its devotees, actually dulls it. The fact is that "art" is not the synonym of "skill." Indeed, scarcely any of the pairs cited in the puzzles are exact synonyms. The effort of the puzzler, therefore, to pair the words that will solve the enigma has the effect actually of dulling his perception of the shades of difference between even closely related words. For a writer or speaker no exercise could possibly be worse. Though all the universities in the country follow the lead of the University of Kentucky (which is most unlikely) and give the puzzle a place in the curriculum, it will remain a barefaced cheat as an educational device.

IF the proposal of Professor Julian Huxley that the determination of sex be made a matter of public policy be taken as a suggestion for immediate political action it is, of course, absurdly premature. But that cannot have been his intention. In the recent newspaper interview which has given wide publicity to his views on sex determination he was most careful not to overstate the present scientific knowledge of the subject. The sex of a new individual has been proved to be determined by the presence (or absence) of certain incompletely understood elements in the cells produced by the father. The differences between male-determining and female-determining cells are great enough, indeed, to permit of recognition in living cells, under the microscope. This, says Professor Huxley, might conceivably bring sex determination under scientific control. It might. But the possibility is too remote to be rated as a political problem. Nevertheless, science moves rapidly. The control of conception has been practically effective for some time, yet some governments still persist in ignoring the fact and suppressing the information. As a scientist Professor

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Huxley quite naturally feels the desirability of some more positive attitude. His proposal that all such matters be subject (in England) to the consideration and recommendation of the Medical Research Council is sensible enough as an expression of the need of intelligent control. Whether medical councils answer to this description is another question.

THE plans for a Woodrow Wilson Memorial College, drawn up by President Mezes of the College of the City of New York, are excellent as far as they go. Dr. Mezes envisages the Wilson Memorial College as a small and compact intellectual community limited, we infer, to undergraduates and devoted to a curriculum based upon the intellectual interests of Woodrow Wilson. This much is easy, and of course greatly to the good. It is easy, that is, to propose treating a group of three hundred undergraduates to a unified curriculum centering in the humanities and taking in the arts and the sciences rather to understand than to practice them, to resolve that the faculty shall consist of men "ranking high in different fields of learning," even at the cost of the highest possible salaries. This much is indicated not only by the opinions of the professor-president but by the main drift of enlightened educational discussion during the past decade. The rub is in bringing these ideals to accomplishment. It is difficult to get support for a college that is to be such a "damned educational institution" as Wilson was accused of making Princeton, and still more difficult to round up the men who are capable of building up such a school, or even to know them when one sees them. Peculiar talents are required for such an enterprise, not necessarily possessed by every man who "ranks high" in some field of learning.

The Motive for a New Party

AT the conference recently held in Chicago of the supporters of the presidential candidacy of Senator La Follette the representatives of the three chief groups agreed amicably but unreservedly to dissolve their temporary coalition. The railroad brotherhoods and with one exception the other trade union delegations began the work of disintegration by announcing their own irrevocable intention of resuming freedom of political action. The conference occupied its remaining time with a controversy between the western agrarian progressives and the Socialists over a question of organization. Should the national committee of the proposed new party consist of the representatives of vocational or functional groups, such as the labor unions or the Socialists? Or should it consist of representatives of territorial groups? The discussion ended in a decision which favored a form of territorial organization similar to that of the Democrats and the Republicans. Only neighborhood groups are to be officially represented in the counsels of the proposed party. This means in effect that the western agrarian progressives do not care to continue their recent association either with union labor or with the Socialists.

Nominally the western progressives decided to start a new national party but actually they merely revived and confirmed their former local state party organizations. They have returned to the status which they enjoyed before their unsuccessful excursion into national politics. The new party is composed of the state parties, farmer-labor and progressive, of the northwest. In at least seven or eight of these states the local progressive organizations have preserved a good deal of cohesion and strength. They will be able to put up some kind of fight in the Congressional elections of 1926. But in order to fight effectively they will probably decide to return to their accustomed tactics and struggle to capture the local Republican or Democratic machinery. It is significant that the Farmer-Labor party of Minnesota which has completely abandoned the tactics of the Nonpartisan League was not represented at all in Chicago. There will, of course, be no serious effort to organize a progressive party composed of territorial units in the south, the east or the middle west. There are many individuals in those parts of the country who would like to join a national progressive party, but they are not numerous enough to count in an election, and they are united rather by their antagonism to the existing government of the country than they are by a common interest and outlook.

What, then, of the future? Did not the coalition of groups which supported Senator La Follette last summer and fall represent any impulse in American politics which is bound to persist? Is the project of organizing a national party which is progressive rather than conservative in outlook and motive, for the time being, utterly vain? Will the American voter be confined for the indefinite future to a choice between the candidates and platforms of two autocratic party machines, both of whom represent the vested interests of American property? If so what will be the effect on the political and social welfare of the American people?

It would be mere self-delusion for a progressive to deny that the immediate outlook for effective progressive political action of any kind is gloomy. There will doubtless take place in 1926 a reaction against Coolidge Republicanism, but if it comes it will benefit the Democrats rather than the progressives. Two years later during the preliminaries to the presidential election, an aggressive attempt will be made to unite the voters who are opposed to Republican rule in support of the Democratic candidate, but we doubt whether the attempt will succeed. In view of the present temper of the Democratic party, the candidate will necessarily be a Democrat first and a progressive second, and his best chance of getting elected will be by the route of capitalizing the opposition of Republican domina-

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tion rather than by offering to the voters a positive progressive alternative. Although there will almost certainly be a third candidate nominated by a progressive party, it does not look as if voters of progressive tendencies would play an important part in the election. For the present American progressivism is disorganized.

Its advocates are not united either upon what they wish to do or what instruments they can employ to carry out their purposes. They are not at present the aggressive force in American public opinion. The campaign of 1924 was from their point of view an egregious failure. Some months of common political action on the part of the several progressive groups did not develop a tendency toward a completer unity of policy, conduct and spirit. The progressive movement did not acquire an increasing momentum and cohesion as the result of the nomination of La Follette and the attempt to elect him. On the contrary it actually diminished in effective force. Its candidate was probably more popular by some millions of votes on September 1 than he was on November 1. It was not merely that Mr. Coolidge was positively elected by the preferences of the voters. Mr. La Follette was positively defeated. He was finally turned down by most of the voters who were hesitating between him and his rivals. In view of this verdict the progressive coalition which supported his election was bound to dissolve.

The immediate result will undoubtedly be a return of many progressive leaders to temporary party regularity and a general shift to the right along the whole line in American politics. This re-invigorated conservatism will probably endure into and through the next presidential election. Whether one expects it or does not expect it to endure still longer, depends upon one's guess as to what the vital forces in American politics are. If one anticipates that the existing government of industry, agriculture and society will continue to satisfy the mass of the American people as well as it satisfies them now, one would have to infer that the progressives will remain submerged and will continue to play a minor and ineffective rôle in American politics. On the other hand if one expects that the existing government of industry and society will not continue to satisfy the working classes without a radical redistribution of power and responsibility, one would confidently predict a repetition in the not remote future of the attempt, so unsuccessfully made during the last election, to unite in a new political party the several economic groups which are deprived of effective participation in the existing government.

The aggressive and controlling force in contemporary American politics is the business man. Mr. Coolidge's election symbolized not only the triumph of Republicanism over Democracy, and conservatism over radicalism but of the business man over the lawyer-politician. During the progressive agitation which preceded and followed the European War the methods and aims of American business were subjected to searching and radical criticism, and at times a majority of the voters have apparently declared in favor of a less privileged and more socialized economic organization; but the net result has been the gradual consolidation of the business men as a class into a united body who are conscious of their joint interests and their immense power (if united) and who do not propose either to have their interests impaired or their power challenged. They conceive American government as a consummate legal and economic mechanism whose success is measured by its ability to assist them in making money and in keeping what they have made. After their success last November in spite of the evidences of their own corruption, they now feel confident of their ability to suppress or counteract any agitation which seeks to restrict their privileges and opportunities. They have adopted the policy of denouncing all such agitation as anti-social; and they have not scrupled to employ this weapon even against such a mild essay in humanitarian reform as the Child Labor Amendment.

Their leaders realize after the experience of the last campaign how effectively they can mould the opinion of the credulous and suggestible American voter of today by their control of propaganda agencies such as the press, the radio and the movies, by their domination of the machines of the two parties and by their ability to penalize popular radicalism by the threat of depriving voters of employment and prosperity. They are setting up the clearest and frankest instance of government by and for wealth in the history of democracy. Just because this business man's government is so self-conscious, so self-confident and so immensely powerful, one of two results will happen. Either the American workers, agricultural, urban and technical, will gradually submit to an economic and political status with reference to the leaders of American business analogous to that of the European peasant to the former lord of the manor. Or they will consciously resist and will forge the weapons and design the machinery for the joint action and consultation which they will require in order to make that resistance effective.

In our opinion they will eventually resist. On another page of this issue, Prof. William Orton argues that American labor lacks the consciousness of class identity and distinction which British labor possesses and that for this reason an American farmer-labor party is not possible. For the moment it is not easy to dispute this judgment, but Professor Orton underestimates, we believe, the disintegrating effect on the old individualistic homogeneity of American life, of the increasing tendency of Americans to gather into functional groups. The expanding common activities, the improved organization and the keener class consciousness of the business man is only the most conspicuous illustration of a process which is pervading American society and revolutionizing American politics. The formation

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of a continuous national farmer-labor party may be indefinitely deferred, but the farmer-labor and other blocs will remain to plague a two-party system which is operated and organized to prevent economic issues from becoming a matter of party controversy. The other blocs are the product of the same specializing and classifying tendency which has brought the business man's bloc into existence. And the more sincerely the business man's bloc asserts its declared right to govern the country according to its own view of its own interests, the more the other blocs will be forced to renew the coalition which their representatives recently dissolved in Chicago.

The trouble with the coalition which supported Senator La Follette is that like the coalitions which supported Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Davis, it did not possess sufficient inner cohesion. It was held together only by enmity to the self-righteous plutocracy which presides over both parties and which, sanctified by a constitutional halo, presumes to govern the country by divine right. But the progressive coalition possesses the possibility of positive cohesion in the common interest of the members of its participating groups in obtaining for workers of all kinds rather than property owners the positions of dignity, responsibility and power in American industry and society. The difficulty is that they lack at present a sharp apprehension of what their common interests are and any sufficient agreement about the political methods which they must use in order to substitute a workers' for a property-owners' government. The fatal objection to Socialism has always consisted in the personal disqualifications of the Socialists to act as the efficient agents of a social program; and the same disqualification exists in the case of the progressives. The only way in which they can overcome this handicap is to associate with their economic and group activities an appropriate educational discipline. They will prepare themselves to govern the country in the interest of individual and social improvement just in so far as they prepare themselves to understand the processes, the structure and the relationships of their own occupations or industry. This work of preparation is steadily taking place, but it is slow and it will necessarily occupy many years. In the meantime American politics will be confused, stormy, incapable and ineffective. The blocs will undermine the old parties. Yet the latter will none the less hang on. The business man's government will need them as camouflage and their enemies will be unable to provide a substitute for them. The blocs will, however, form spasmodic coalitions for progressive as well as conservative purposes, and progressive coalitions will at times threaten the domination of the business man. But that domination will continue until a new party is formed which is capable of counteracting propaganda by cultivating individual judgment, and whose members have learned something about the art of democratic government in the school of their own industry, occupation or profession.

Civil Liberty in Russia

SOME day a psychologist will perhaps produce a fat volume about the operations of the human mind, based entirely on the attitude toward Russia of various groups since 1918. Certainly, the material for such a study exists in abundance. Any quantity of lessons could be drawn from the general lack of objectivity in thinking about a controversial subject illustrated in the positions people have taken for or against the Bolshevist régime.

There is, first, the readiness of those who oppose the theory of Communism to accept any horrible tale, no matter how fantastically incredible. There is, second, the equal willingness of those who believe in Communism to see Russia as a paradise and to reject as "counter-revolutionary lies" any statement, however well authenticated, which fails to agree with this preconception. There is, third, the extraordinary ability of both Whites and Reds in Western Europe and America to accept as a reality the paper program of the Moscow revolutionists on such matters as the uprising of the proletariat in every land, the extension of education in Russia, etc.

Another undesirable characteristic is painfully revealed in the inability of people on either side to distinguish among various motives for opposition or assistance. In the United States, for example, no one could oppose the early military efforts of the counter-revolutionists without being classed as a Bolshevist. This is still true, even though everyone now sees that those who protested against the campaigns of Kolchak, Denikin, Yudenich and Wrangel were correct even on grounds of expediency. In the same way, no one is permitted to protest any action or policy of the Soviet government without being immediately damned as the tool of Tsarist reaction.

Of the last point there is an excellent illustration in the present campaign, in England and the United States, to secure some amelioration of the lot of political prisoners in Russia. These efforts have at once been characterized (for instance, in the International Press Correspondence, an official communist propaganda sheet) as being solely actuated by a reactionary desire to overthrow the Soviet government. In particular, the agitation in America at present is declared to be an attempt to arouse ill feeling toward the Russian régime just at the moment when, because of Mr. Hughes's resignation and the rise of Senator Borah to chairmanship of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, recognition is supposed to be pending.

The fact that the subject is thus entangled in a complex web of loyalties and antipathies should not prevent the observation, however, that the condition in Russia in regard to civil liberties, and especially the condition of the political prisoners, constitutes a challenge to liberalism which cannot be overlooked. The Russian government, of course, cares nothing for liberalism and its principles. In the first place,

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it is a government of Communists, who regard nothing as important except the dictatorship of the proletariat. In the second place, it is a government of Russians; and under no government have Russians ever experienced freedom of speech, assembly and the press as they exist (except in wartime) in the Anglo-Saxon world. Regardless of the political complexion of their government, almost all Russians have invariably believed it to be entirely right and proper to imprison, torture and assassinate your political enemies solely because they are such. (This attitude, of course, is also widely, though not universally, entertained in other countries.)

The facts in regard to the suspension of civil liberties in Russia at the present time were admirably summarized in our contemporary, the Nation, (New York) last week. There is no such thing as a free press in Russia today. There is no such thing as free assemblage. With the reservation that the Russians are the most incorrigible talkers on earth and that they will go on talking even when to do so is suicide, there is no freedom of speech. While the number of political prisoners is difficult to ascertain in a country which has never had any reliable statistics on any subject, there are certainly several thousand men and women who are in prison for belonging to opposition parties. They include Tsarists, moderate Socialists, anarchists, and even some opposition Communists.

It is the official government theory that none of these persons has been sentenced except for actual activity in plotting to overthrow the present régime. This statement is nonsense, as everyone knows who understands the Russian character. It is, moreover, shown to be false by numerous actual instances, such as those reported by Dr. Harry F. Ward, who recently made an investigation of this problem for the American Civil Liberties Union. While the G. P. U., the successor to the Cheka, is somewhat milder than was that ferocious and uncontrolled body, political prisoners are still tried secretly and without juries—Russia never having habituated itself to the jury system as England and America have done.

These political prisoners, many of them entirely innocent of any "crime" except belonging to some other political party than the Bolsheviki, are exiled to remote penal colonies, sometimes in the Arctic region or the Siberian wilderness, where they suffer most if not all of the hardships endured by exiles in Tsarist days. A number of political prisoners are detained on some of the Solovetsky Islands off the Murmansk coast, where they are shut off from communication with the mainland a large part of each year. These prisoners, and the others, complain of terrible hardships, as to food, living quarters, punishments, such as solitary confinement, etc. In December, 1923, some of these Solovetsky prisoners, having misunderstood or refused to obey a sudden order curtailing their hours for open air exercise, were shot down by the prison guards, in a manner possible only to savages. Five were killed, and three wounded. The Soviet government has never taken any adequate measures of punishment for those guilty of this outrage.

Whether these prisoners are well or badly cared for seems to us, however, a point of little significance. Practically all prisons, throughout the world, are cruelly administered. Even in the United States horrible conditions prevail in every part of the country. The kind of person who is willing to accept employment as a prison guard is virtually certain to be of a low order of intelligence, with little respect for the rights of those entrusted to his care. The really serious matter is that Russia should still, nearly eight years after the revolution, employ the methods of terrorism; that the Soviet government should lock up its opponents and should deny all liberty of speech, press and assembly. In the beginning, Moscow excused its abrogation of civil rights on the plea that the revolution was in danger. The reactionary British and French governments were aiding armed invasion by White counter-revolutionaries. But no such justification can any longer be maintained. The attempts at armed invasion halted years ago. The great powers have all either recognized the Russian government or are rapidly moving in that direction. If the Soviet government is still unable, after seven and a half years, to abate its rigid military autocracy, that fact is certain to lend strong support to the arguments of its enemies that it is a failure, economically, politically and socially.

The attitude of the government toward its political opponents is in fact inconsistent with its own present policy. Russia has been obliged by the logic of circumstance to lay aside the attempt to bring about communist revolutions in all other countries. Her present policy is one of conciliation and coöperation. She needs large masses of capital which can only be secured in Great Britain or America. She needs a large increase in her foreign trade, particularly her imports. Such requirements explain the reports that fanatical revolutionists like Zinoviev are to be thrust, temporarily at least, into the background. The "New Economic Policy" of Lenin, with its sweeping concessions to private capitalism, was largely abandoned a year ago in a burst of new communistic zeal. Today, under the whip of a severe economic crisis, it is to be restored and probably even extended.

Under these circumstances, the Soviet leaders need to recognize that their tyrannical suppression of their opponents is as great a stumbling block today to securing the foreign aid they need as was their refusal to recognize foreign private and public debts two years ago. Russia has given way, theoretically at least, in the course of her negotiations with England, on the matter of debts and expropriated private property. The sooner she also yields as to the practice of a reasonable liberalism on civil rights, whether she believes in its principles or not, the better.

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Is a Scholar an Employe?

A SCHOLAR is a strange animal. If he is treated as a responsible citizen and pillar of society he straightway becomes an employe, cringing and ineffective. If he is treated as a vagabond he becomes a savant. The reason lies not in his temperament, however, but in the peculiarity of his work. That work subjects him to two sorts of dangers. First, he is a student and thinker, necessarily accustomed to taking his ideas seriously. Yet his mind is inevitably subject to limitation. Some of his ideas are certain to be preposterous. The political opinions of a physicist may be positively idiotic. An anatomist is quite likely to be illiterate. Here the first danger arises. His friends are liable to wish to improve him by curtailment. He is advised that he will make a better appearance in society if he avoids literary expression. But what he needs is not less but more, if he is to be a scholar. If he sticks to his specialty, he becomes a reliable employe with grave limitations. But as a scholar he cannot brook limitations: he must face the competition of men who can write as well as dissect, and fail if he cannot meet it. It is the issue between a job and a calling.

A similar cleft appears in his social behavior. By what ideal should his private life be guided, that of citizenship or that of scholarship? Other men do not have to face such an issue. He, unfortunately, does. As a citizen he is an employe of a seminary where he stands "in loco parentis" to a lot of children who must be brought up to look like their parents. He must therefore honor all these things which the children should be led to honor, and abstain from all these things from which the parents would have their children think that they abstain. But all this is the nemesis of scholarship. The first duty and prerogative of scholarship is doubt. The scholar who is committed to everything in advance is simply not a scholar. The difficulty here is not the criminal bent of intellectual people. No such bent exists. Scholars get into difficulties not because they are ardent protagonists of Lenin but because they are indifferent to that ark of the covenant, the American Constitution. Scholars are not more lecherous than other men, but sometimes they are ingenuously obtuse to the sanctities of the canons of established morality. How should they be treated? As educational employes, their duty is to Believe All and to Live in Righteousness. As scholars they are subject to but one standard of judgment: the potency of their ideas.

Upon both these counts the colleges and universities of the United States are now being asked, by a Conference which represents the bureaucratic peak of our educational system, to accept as final the definition of the university professor as an employe.

The form of this extraordinary agreement is a series of eight "conventions," drawn up last month by a group of representatives of the Association of American Colleges, the Association of American Universities, the American Association of University Professors, and various other bodies of a similar character brought together by the call of the American Council on Education, one of the councils organized to win the War and continuing to direct the nation. This Conference unanimously adopted two sets of "conventions" formulated by a committee of its members, resolving further to recommend "the adoption of these conventions, in the form here suggested, by the several bodies represented in this Conference, and by American colleges and universities." They are now being presented for adoption. Their text, slightly abbreviated, is as follows:

Academic Freedom.

1. A university or college may not place any restraint upon a teacher's freedom in investigation. . . .

2. A university or college may not impose any limitation upon the teacher's freedom in the exposition of his own subject in the classroom or in addresses and publications outside the college. . . .

3. No teacher may claim as his right the privilege of discussing in his classroom controversial topics outside of his own field of study. . . .

4. . . . the teacher in speaking or writing outside of the institution upon subjects beyond the scope of his own field of study is entitled to precisely the same freedom and is subject to the same responsibility as attached to all other citizens. If extramural utterances . . . raise grave doubts concerning his fitness for his position, the question should in all cases be submitted to an appropriate committee of the faculty. . . .

Academic Tenure.

1. The precise terms . . . should be stated in writing. . . .

2. The termination . . . of a short-term appointment should always be possible at the expiration of the term. . . .

3. It is desirable that termination of a permanent or long-term appointment for cause should regularly require action by both a faculty committee and the governing board of the college. Exceptions to this rule may be cases of gross immorality or treason, when the facts are admitted. In such cases summary dismissal would naturally ensue. . . .

4. Termination of permanent or long-term appointments because of financial exigencies should be sought only as a last resort. . . .

The terms of this bargain are perfectly clear: the professor is absolutely free to do what he is employed to do. Let us suppose that he is engaged to teach French. So long as he rehearses his students in irregular conjugations, devoting his leisure hours to papers on the place of Rousseau in the Romantic

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Movement, his freedom is to be treasured like a fine pearl of great price. But if he says to his innocents that Rousseau was a single-taxer, he may be called up to the presidential sanctum for a wigging. Taxation may be mentioned only by the professor duly licensed to mention it. Then if he lectures before the local League for Public Discussion upon the Philosophy of Revolution, charges may be preferred against him before a committee of his peers. Philosophy is the business of another department, and Revolution is in the safe custody of a third, both extremely jealous. But if there is a strike in the mill at the other end of town, and if he goes to a meeting of the strikers, and if he reads to them in French from Rousseau's Essay on Inequality, and if he is seen by a peeping department head kissing a buxom operative, in the height of his emotion, then he may be asked in star chamber proceedings, "Did you so read, and did you so kiss?" and if he answers, "Yes," he may be peremptorily discharged for gross immorality and treason. For he has been engaged only to teach the French language to undergraduates, in as little the French manner as possible, and his freedom ends with that.

This is not a flippant perversion of the sensible proposals of serious and responsible people. The alternative to this interpretation is complete nonsense. Either this is what these conventions mean, or they have no meaning or reason to them. What do the words "treason . . . when the facts are admitted" signify? Treason is a graver crime than murder, but substitute "murder." If a professor has committed murder and admits it, he may be summarily discharged. The very proposal is utterly ridiculous. We refuse to believe that any group of men in their right minds ever wrote down such a proposition with actual, undoubted, legally defined treason as their subject. No, the treason of their thoughts is the metaphorical crime of "treasonable" sentiments. "When the facts are admitted" does not mean the admission of actual crime against the state. It means the admission of the overt act so conceived by the employer's mind. Any other meaning is sheer nonsense.

So, also, it is with the professor's "own field of study." This is a convenient phase which anyone might use to indicate the point of departure of his thoughts, without in the least intending to exclude himself from whatever other fields might tempt his roving eye. According to such a latitudinarian definition we might consider every man's field to be the universe as viewed from the point of vantage of his specialized technique. If that technique is the French language, then he may of course discuss any ideas that can be discussed in French, or any subjects to which he is led by reading French. But is this the meaning the conventions on academic freedom intend? Certainly not. What is the sense of saying that no teacher may discuss "controversial topics outside his own field" if you mean that his field is whatever he is led to discuss? These rules are intended to mean something, and what this one is intended to mean turns upon a rigorously narrow conception of the professor's field. It means that the professor who is hired to parse French sentences must stick to parsing. There the "university or college may not impose any limitation upon the teacher's freedom."

But even this freedom involves a subtlety. Upon the professor's freedom in investigation no sort of restriction may be placed. Does this mean that any man can think as he likes in the secrecy of his inner thoughts, or does it mean that the professor and he alone shall determine into what researches the university funds shall flow? Everyone who knows anything about academic affairs knows that investigation is chiefly encouraged or restrained by the budget. If a president views the activities of any professor with alarm, he does not catch him by the ear and lead him out of the laboratory. He simply notifies him, "with great regret," that all funds for assistants and materials have been exhausted. Is this restriction to be removed, and if so, pray how? And in that case what is meant by that other proposal that a professor who has been appointed for life should not be discharged by the reduction of his salary on account of shortage of funds until all other expedients have been tried?

The American Council on Education has done a great deal of excellent work. It has greatly facilitated the exchange of scholars between the United States and Europe. Through various commissions it has conducted a number of valuable surveys. The survey of appointing and promoting practices which this Conference has asked it to undertake will no doubt be carried through with exemplary thoroughness. But one thing these self-constituted national councils cannot do. They cannot undertake to formulate programs and establish standards. The moment they take a step in that direction the cloven hoof of bureaucracy is instantly revealed. When a bureaucratic Conference defines a professor it defines him as an employe by some mysterious logic peculiar to the soul of the institution. In dealing with such a Conference let the professor note that "the precise terms should be stated in writing."

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1925, IN THE U. S., BY THE NEW REPUBLIC, INC., 421 WEST 21ST STREET, NEW YORK HERBERT CROLY, PRESIDENT, ROBERT HALLOWELL, SECRETARY AND PUBLISHER, DANIEL MEBANE, TREASURER

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American Vs. British Progressivism

A Contrast and a Moral

THE third party question is by this time almost perennial in American politics. For nearly a century its emphasis has swung to and fro between the urban and the rural worker, at rare moments resting to some extent on both. That it so rested in the summer of 1924 was due more to accident than design; the progress made by left-wing organizations in Europe acted as an abnormal stimulant to political organization here, and the temporary success of the British Labor administration in particular shed a deceptive radiance on the outlook of American progressivism, suggesting to many an analogy that is worth examination.

Conflicting Views

On the one hand are those—including on the whole the British delegates to El Paso—who consider the American movement too far behind the British industrially to be of much political importance for some time to come. On the other hand there is the bold claim of the Federationist for September, 1924, that the American labor movement is not behind, but fifty years in advance of the European. It "has accomplished more than British labor, both as to political results and as to political method." How? By non-partisan action.

"From that year 1908 to the last congressional election in 1922," writes W. E. Walling, "the Federation has measured its success by two tests—the number of labor-endorsed measures passed by Congress and the number of congressmen favorable to organized labor. A large majority of the measures favored by labor in 1908 have been enacted into law." Post hoc ergo propter hoc, one is tempted to reply; but the moral is even more arresting than the argument. "American leadership of the world labor movement has proven that labor cannot afford to admit non-labor intellectuals to the leadership either in its economic or in its political organizations." After which, perish the suggestion that the new program—what there was of it—outlined in the famous Portland manifesto of 1923 was patently purloined from that of the British intellectuals!

The one consoling feature of the recent political post mortem, to judge from the references to it at El Paso, was that the A. F. of L. tactics apparently succeeded according to plan. The various elements of the C. P. P. A., erstwhile united on a candidate instead of a policy, face the bleak winter of their discontent with all the essential work still to be done. The sacrifices of tradition and principle made last summer for the sake of a political chance will run mostly to waste now that the chance is disposed of. But the A. F. of L., having merely "adhered to its traditional policy," has fewer regrets—only such as are inevitable to the disappointment of a touching and pathetic optimism.

"Labor entered into the presidential campaign of 1924 encouraged to the point of hoping for, if not expecting, a favorable hearing from one or both of the big parties." Having duly appeared, hat in hand, before both the Republican and Democratic platform committees, and been turned away empty handed, the A. F. of L. came to the natural conclusion that they were "morally bankrupt" and a "menace and a peril to our country and its institutions." Forthwith "assuming" the leadership of labor in the campaign, the Federation then proceeded to lead (merely the railroad brotherhoods—the machinists, the garment workers, and a few more having got there first) to the indorsement of La Follette. As a third party hope? Oh, no: the A. F. of L., tempering its justice with mercy, could at least unite in prayer for the morally bankrupt: as an "independent Republican candidate, running as such." It is true that La Follette definitely stood for—and according to his platform utterances, confidently expected—the emergence of a third party as a result of his successful candidature; but the Federation was apparently able to support him precisely because it did not share his confidence. The attitude left it in the happy position of being free to support him and his nominees and at the same time to attack the fundamental basis of his platform—which it promptly proceeded to do; the fact that much of its criticism was sound adding to the piquancy of the situation. So that whoever else is not satisfied, the A. F. of L. should be. Meanwhile the movement towards a third party is to go on, unaided by the "assumption" of further leadership by the A. F. of L.; and the problem of what to do next remains a very pretty one.

The Social Background

The fundamental ideas of social polity are at least two thousand years old; and in determining a course of political action no sufficient guidance is to be obtained from the mere discussion of them in vacuo, on their merits as propositions. That is indeed valuable and necessary; but it is never final, nor adequate to the demands of political realism. When the need, as at present, is to understand their significance as social forces and the prospects of their applicability to particular situations, attention must be given to the cultural and institutional backgrounds on which they react, which serve at one time as inhibitions, at another as "releasing causes." This is especially the case with the general principle of collectivism: that is, of the common or pub-

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lic ownership of the essential means of production, with an inevitably widening definition of what these are.

Land, Food and Policy

To the pure idealist, this appears as one among many theories of social organization, good or bad as the case may be. To the realist, however, collectivism is the symptom or manifestation of a certain phase of social culture; and the important question is whether that phase obtains in the given time and place. To be more specific: as long as the prospect of individual ownership, and through it individual appropriation of a share in the social increment, is not definitely banished from the mind of the average man, collectivism has little appeal. It is only when that prospect has been removed not merely from the sphere of actual possibility, but from popular hope and aspiration as well, that collectivism generates a positive force.

In England that phase was reached fifty years ago, and the social process had been visibly tending towards it for centuries. The private concentration of land ownership underlay the whole of the industrial revolution in England, receiving its final confirmation in the Enclosure Acts of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. This policy vastly enhanced the development of a food supply for an industrial nation at the same time that it assisted capital accumulation on the traditional European lines, and made available the nascent proletariat for a new type of bondage. The same system of private land ownership or occupation underlay the franchise and the political life of Britain down to 1918. Consequently when the economic pressure began to tell on the mass of workers, it was not to any ideal of economic independence that they turned—that had long since been lost sight of—but, by a natural reversion toward sixteenth century paternalism, to the state as custodian of their lapsed rights and liberties.

Contrast with all this the course of American development. The iron law of property written into the Constitution was slow in revealing its latent significance to the proletariat. "As long as free land and a frontier were important factors in the nation, the Constitution could be stretched adequately to meet new situations—the old laissez faire individualistic interpretation of liberty and of constitutional rights was not seriously out of step with the course of events." * The influence of the frontier in postponing the growth of proletarian doctrine right through the century needs little emphasis. Early immigrants, says Hadley, like early constitution makers, were rendered conservative by the prospect in one case, the fact in the other, of land ownership.

> It has been a perpetual surprise to observers of American institutions that complete political enfranchisement has not resulted in attempts to restrict the power of capital. For at least sixty years after the adoption of universal suffrage the tendency was all in the other direction—to legislate for the property owner rather than against him; to strengthen the powers of capital rather than to diminish them. . . . The small protection given to the rights of man, as compared with that which was accorded to the rights of property, is a salient feature of the early history of every American state—and sometimes in its later history also.

The striking contrast between Britain, with its relatively narrow franchise and early beginning of social legislation, and the exact opposite in America, is largely to be explained by the differing facts of, and attitudes toward, land ownership. America faced its first real "enclosure" issue in the forties; but the fight which culminated in the Homestead Act was waged, not as in England to prevent the passage of public or common rights into private hands, but to preserve the chance of independence through private proprietorship for the small man.

No feature of the British Labor movement is more significant than the organization of the unskilled since, roughly, 1889. This element, now constituting about 17 percent of the trade union membership, brought into the progressive movement for the first time, and before its inclusion in the franchise, a solid mass of people from whom all prospect of attaining economic security through ownership had been definitely withdrawn. Their position has been reinforced during the past decade by large numbers of the white-collar class, mostly outside the trade unions, who find their saving surplus crushed between the millstones of a falling labor market and the pressure of taxation and living costs. It is to this combination that the Socialist constitution and program of 1918 were primarily addressed; and it is from this bloc that what the Webbs call "the moral revolution which will make living by owning as shameful as the pauperism of the wastrel" is coming.

The Unabsorbed Immigrant

Now a "moral revolution" of this sort is less the result of the spread of doctrines than of the pressure of facts. In America as yet no such releasing cause exists. The organization of the unskilled has never recovered the ground lost at the breakup of the K. of L. in the late eighties, and is likely to remain long unaccomplished. But further, the character of that stratum is radically different from that of its British counterpart. For one thing, the tide of immigration has risen much faster than that of labor organization. For the first ten years of this century the average annual inflow of immigrants (879,539) has been over eight times the average annual growth of union membership (101,500). If we deduct about one-tenth of the immigrant figure for children, and exclude about 30 percent female, we are still left with a net male increase of 554,000;

* Carlton: Organized Labor, p. 55.

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of which over 60 percent is classifiable as common labor in town and country. Not only has this huge infiltration been exceptionally difficult, from its geographical and occupational distribution, to assimilate; its peculiar psychology has made it still more difficult to subsume in the group consciousness of a proletarian class.

Capitalist Thinking

It is a psychologically selected group. The greater proportion of it, though retaining involuntarily some part of the mores of its original habitat, has lost its active contact with social institutions; and the loss is sublimated in a more strenuous and singleminded devotion to the one thing that retains significance—the dollar. Further, the harshness of the material struggle, the inhumanity of the machine discipline under which much of it falls, has been largely discounted in advance; so that conditions which the native workmen, not merely of this, but of almost any country, would contest, are likely to be borne with an unnatural complaisance. That, among other reasons, is why it is so notoriously difficult to unionize. On the other hand, there is a minority which combines European radical traditions and class-consciousness with a totally inadequate realization of the American environment and the American problem. It would be hard to decide which of the two is the more awkward element to absorb in a national progressive policy.

Apart from this minority and its limited though sometimes feverish influence, the unskilled mass becomes readily permeated with the ownership and profit-taking psychology of the rest of the nation. In startling contrast with Britain, the habit, or at least the hope, of investment, and with it the psychology of private ownership and private appropriation of the social increment, is amazingly widespread. From the mortgaged farmer who makes of good times (aided by cheap money) an opportunity for land speculation instead of mortgage reduction, to the store clerk, professor, or artisan who falls an easy and willing prey to the bond salesman, the psychology of ownership is characteristic. It matters not, apparently, that the diffusion of stock ownership entails no corresponding diffusion of economic control; the psychology of the thing is not as yet affected by that, and many a trade unionist lacks only the opportunity to become an Astor or a Vanderbilt.

There is a further reason for the absence in America of class consciousness of the British variety. Class distinction has been for ten centuries the backbone of British social organization—class distinction, not class war: frequently, and happily, it has been class harmony. But the tradition of class organization is indigenous. The staunchest royalists, the true social conservatives, are to be found as it were in reciprocal relation at both extremes of British society. For this reason the emergence of a definite wage-earning class, marked in practically every department of life by altogether special relations to the state, has come about with equally astounding speed and smoothness. Today in both England and Germany the special and intimate relation of the wage-earner to the state has sunk into the established order of things, accepted as a matter of course by both parties as well as by the dwindling bourgeoisie. From that it is an inevitable and natural progress, as the class affected grows in numbers, education, and coherence, to the stage when the state falls increasingly under its control.

In America the conditions of the political problem are profoundly different. The historical and the psychological backgrounds of class organization are equally undeveloped; and the nature of the political machine makes the task far more difficult. The parliamentary system, whatever its faults, is more sensitive to the movement of public opinion than the American. The latter, whatever its merits, has an inertia and rigidity that calls for a tremendous pressure at mechanically fixed intervals in order to achieve any results whatever. Britain, be it remembered, during the whole period of the rise of the labor party had a suffrage little more than one-third as wide as that of 1918, but a trade union organization relatively much wider than that of this country: hence the slogan, sedulously preached by the younger Socialists, "economic power precedes political power." American labor, with the nominal advantage of a wider suffrage, has remained far weaker on the economic side, especially in the strategic positions of modern industry; and in contrast with present-day Britain, it is further handicapped by the fact that in politics it would find itself largely demobilized by the franchise requirements. The 1920 census shows 47.8 percent of the total adult foreign born white males fully naturalized. Much of this disparity between economic and political status would fall on labor; and taking various causes together there is good reason to suppose that American would lose far more heavily than British (probably to 50 percent of its nominal strength) in attempting to function as a political solidarity.

The All-Important Farmer

One problem—that of the rural worker—has baffled the efforts of labor organization in both countries; but it is in every way more important in America than in Britain. Numerically, it is about two-and-one-half times as great in America on the pre-war basis: that is, the proportions of the total employed persons in agriculture and kindred occupations were about 33 and 13 percent respectively. The American proportion had fallen by 1920 (on the census basis) to just 26 percent; but there is little doubt that the latter figure involves both a numerical under-estimate and a misleading suggestion as to the strength of the agricultural interest.

British labor has simplified its dealings with the agricultural problem by treating it mainly as a problem of employes: American progressivism obviously

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cannot get anywhere on such a principle; and yet the political weight of the agricultural interest is such that progressivism must deal with it directly or court oblivion. Notwithstanding that a majority of the total population may be classed as urban, agricultural population in 1920 outnumbered that engaged in manufactures or mining in no less than thirty states; while as Holcombe points out, "of the existing 433 congressional districts apportioned upon the basis of the census of 1910, 105 may be classified as metropolitan districts, 32 as urban, 58 as semi-urban, and the remainder, 238, as rural. The latter, despite the inferiority of the rural population under the latest census, constitute a clear majority of the total." If, in addition, we contrast the solidarity of the agricultural interest with the internecine feuds of the urban labor organization—foreign versus native, Catholic versus Protestant, craft versus unskilled, trade versus industry, and so on—it becomes sufficiently apparent that American progressivism can never develop, as the British labor movement has, exclusively on urban lines, treating the agricultural element as a secondary and minor problem.

On such considerations as the foregoing, certain negative conclusions, at any rate, seem to follow. First, there appears to be no prospect for many years to come of any general collectivist or class doctrine attaining practical political importance. Such a doctrine is likely to be a liability rather than an asset to any liberal movement.

Second, the issues with which American liberalism will eventually have to deal are likely to emerge in a form with which the American labor movement as such will be neither able nor willing to grapple. Craft unionism of the prevalent A. F. of L. type is in fact a part of the established order of capitalist industry, and so far from assisting any movement towards radical change would be more likely to stand in the way of it. The question—as the British labor party is now discovering—is not whether the labor movement can "afford to admit" the intellectuals, but whether, or how far, the intellectuals can afford to recognize the vested interests of the labor movement.

Third, organized labor in America is in any case too weak economically to lead any progressive movement for years to come, and too heterogeneous to function as the mainstay of such a movement should it arise elsewhere. It is strong enough—like its organized employers—to exert on occasion a partial (but not decisive) sabotage, which power it cannot at present restrain from sporadic outbursts of purely disintegrative action. It has recently entered, with much trumpet blowing, the field of high finance; but it is as yet too soon to decide whether in so doing it has taken a step forward toward economic control or merely given large hostages to fortune which will fetter its freedom of action in critical times. At present the chances would seem to be about even.

In fine, the basis for any "ism" party is no firmer or wider than it has often been in the past—for a political labor party as such the basis is probably weaker than it was ninety years ago. What is likely to be more useful—though less spectacular—than any third party movement is the spread of liberal, or at least critical, opinion among the community at large on ad hoc issues. It is by no means as certain as it seemed a few months ago that even Britain has outlived the two-party system. America has indeed ample reason for dissatisfaction with both of its existing two parties. But whether that reason is sufficient to indict the two-party system as such is another and a much more doubtful question.

WILLIAM ORTON.

Post-War

HUNGARY, even so much as may be seen from the windows of the train from Vienna to Budapest, is a beautiful country. Like Spain it has that which is to a country what a good complexion is to a woman, it has beautiful soil; and I do not know which is better, the wine-red earth of Andalusia, or the purple earth of the Hungarian plains. There is a curious accent about the scenery, a curious intensity of picturesqueness. One can conceive it as the basis of pagan myths, for the rolling plains might be the breast of an earth-god, and a trespasser in the woods that cloak the hills might be warned off by a goat-legged gamekeeper. There is a strong flavor of paganism everywhere, so soon as one crosses the frontier. At Komaron a handsome boy paces by the train offering grapes for sale: and they are exquisitely arranged on his tray, black bunch lying by white, as it might be for an offering for the altar; and he cries his wares with a long, soft wail whose intervals surprise the western European ear; and it seems unlikely that his face, which radiantly expresses courage and the joy that comes of extreme physical well-being, would too often be clouded by the workings of conscience. One felt the same about the faces, the very handsome and courageous faces of the men on the platform. (Surely too many of them are in uniform for a shattered state which relies mainly on agriculture.) This is a fine country; but one doubts whether it has been properly christened.

Not that it is utter disparagement to allege an incomplete connection with modern Western civilization; for that act of connection may involve certain advantages, certain more than æsthetic, real and solid advantages. That was illustrated by a conversation in the train coming from Komaron to

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Budapest. There were, in my dusty compartment, two American citizens who had done well enough in the United States to be able to bring their families over for a comfortable trip to the country of their origin, but who had only an imperfect knowledge of the English language. Yet, though they had both been born in the old Hungary, they could not speak each other's mother-tongue, for one was a Slovak, and the other a Magyar from Transylvania and therefore their only means of communication was broken American-English. They liked each other very well, and nodded and smiled across the compartment, and presently stood each other Slivowitz in the dining-car (Slivowitz is a liqueur made of plums which should be classed among high explosives) because they found themselves in pleasant agreement on practically all matters of the day; which was due to the fact that in their American homes (which lay fifteen hundred miles apart) they both read the editorials which are written in the Hearst press by a journalist of genius named Arthur Brisbane.

It reminded one of what a splendid, spectacular show that is which is going on in the United States, of varied and disparate human stuff being moulded into a unity that has not been achieved, and at the likeness of which we cannot yet guess. And I reflected that Europe did not seem to have paid the slightest attention to the problem of putting these gentlemen on amicable terms, which is the problem of peace in little. Even the Peace Treaty, which might reasonably have been supposed to consider the matter, would have done no more for them (had they stayed in their birthplaces) than compensate them for the wrong of being linked with the hated Austrians by transferring the Slovak to Czecho-Slovakia, though he and his people liked the Czechs not much better than the Austrians, and the Transylvania Magyar to Rumania, which is an enemy country. The nods and smiles, the Slivowitzes, would not have happened if only Europe had had its way with them.

What America has done for them! And yet these two American citizens exchanged a sudden sad, wise look over the marcelled heads of their vivacious offspring, cute as could be in the best that can be bought in Wanamaker's of Philadelphia and Brandeis's of Omaha, and agreed that people in the old countries were happier. Yes, somehow they were much happier! Were they speaking of the old countries as they remembered them in their childhood, falsely and rosily? No! People were much happier in the old countries today, even though they had lost everything! Why, look out of the window! We were passing one of the white villages on which a hand stretched out of the East seems to have lain for a moment, making the church a little like a mosque, imputing a Tangier air with windowless outside walls and flat roofs.

Down the high street between the acacias was coming a crowd of village folks in gay dresses, following a young bride and bridegroom who walked under a canopy held by youths and maidens. And as the train went on there galloped on the road by the track several bands of peasant lads from other villages, riding to the wedding in white full-skirted coats and beribboned hats. I had to admit that I had seen nothing like this, nothing so bright with red and blue and green, in America, Illinois, nor in Racine, Wisconsin, nor in Council Bluffs, Iowa.

They shook their heads, these men whose past was in villages where ritual and tradition kept color in the life of the common man, whose present lay in the grey, rectangular streets, lined with the parked automobiles, of the modern American town. And it may be that the lack of red and blue and green is as dangerous to the human mind as the lack of vitamines is to the human body. There is an interesting correspondence, which seems to point this moral, between the United States and the country which of all this part of the world most resembles the United States in the working conditions of its proletariat: Rumania, where a backward peasantry has of late been swept into large towns and industrialized on American lines. Everybody one meets who has been to Rumania complains of the rigorousness of the search at the customs on the frontier; which is indeed very rigorous, since it is directed against the traffic in morphine and cocaine. For the fact is that the working class of Rumania, like the working class of America is terribly apt to succumb to the temptation of narcotics. It would seem that if you do not give men enough red and blue and green in their lives they will obtain them somehow, even if it be only by pernicious dreams.

Not that color is sufficient for man. That one sees in Budapest, which is surely of all capitals the most satisfying to the senses. The flat side of the river, Pesth, has been laid out by the spirit of musical comedy, which indeed often controls the affairs of Hungary. Its apotheosis was, I think, the hour when the deposed King Charles returned to his kingdom at the head of an expedition including the composer of The Merry Widow, and was immediately captured and expelled by the Monarchist party which explained (no doubt in waltz-time) that they found his presence embarrassing. But musical comedy town-planning is more successful than musical comedy rebellions. The leafy squares that are obviously planned with a view to tenor and soprano solos, the riverside promenades where the chorus parade under trees the arc lamps make to look like painted canvas, the little café tables where the comic man is going to pick up the soubrette, what time the low-comedian waiter spills things over them; these things make a very pleasant city. The fact that the street-signs and advertisements are in a language that is neither Latin nor Teutonic gives the traveller a fascinating feeling of having come very far. And some very pleasing effects are obtained by the custom of writing the surname before the Christian name. The kiosks are covered with advertisements

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of a farce, Bunbury, by Wilde Oscar; and a bald-headed gentleman standing in the doorway of a shop over which is written "Kiss Albert" presents a difficult situation to the tender-hearted.

And what these people have done with the great yellow Danube! It makes the Londoner ashamed. These white embankments, these island parks, these proudly designed suspension bridges! By the river on the Pesth side is the Parliament House, like our St. Stephen's, but more operatically Gothic and with domes of soft, deep, bright-green copper. Over the heights across the water tumbles the old town of Buda, with its steep streets and sunny squares of old houses painted that yellow which is known as Kaisergeld because the palace at Schönbrunn was of that color. There is on the crest of the hill overlooking battlemented walls, the old Romanesque-Gothic church of St. Mathias, the interior of which is painted with barbaric colors that burn through the dimness. Wavy lines of blue and red and green run up the pillars so that they look like the rolls of linoleum one sees standing about in furnishing stores. And there is the fairy-tale Royal Palace, which has a glowing green copper roof and a ball-room of peach-colored marble with a golden gallery where the gypsy musicians used to play, and terraces that look down on the queer and enchanting city whose strangely shaped copper domes and spires proclaim that this is not the West. Everywhere the eye is nourished, the heart is stimulated by beauty. In consequence these are a vivacious people, and after all these years not in the least disconsolate.

Yet all is not well with them. Budapest is a frontier town. If you take the Orient Express eastwards from Budapest you will find yourself in the Balkans, in a new world; which is to say, a world in which abstract nouns have a different meaning. When men speak there of God and life and love they are thinking of things not quite the same as are in our minds when we speak those words here in western Europe. And we need not be ashamed of preferring our version of those abstract nouns, for though there is much gallantry in that corner of Europe, there have been wars and persecutions and smoking villages time out of mind. Unfortunately the geographical position of Hungary leaves her balanced between the western European and the Balkan interpretations; and there are times when one feels that at present the balance is swinging down on the Balkan side, and that, ironically enough, this is in part due to the victory of those who intended to de-Balkanize Europe.

For the peace has left these people in a chronic condition of hate. There is nothing so utterly demoralizing as this business of shifted boundaries; it engrosses the mind of the common man, it prevents him from toying with the ambition of bringing into being such as yet unrealized conceptions as peace and economic justice, it leaves him to face life with little more equipment than his original sin. I had an illuminating conversation with a Hungarian, a person of magnificent energy, who had taken an active part in both the Revolution and the Counter-Revolution, and had found each, I think, equally enjoyable. He was explaining to me the Hungarian attitude to the surrounding nations:

"You see, we hate the Austrians. And we detest the Czechs; is it not iniquitous that a country which fought alongside us against the Allies should be allowed to sit at the Peace Conference and dictate terms to us and be given a slice of our territory and a whole million of our people? Also we loathe Rumania. Seventeen hundred thousand of our people they have taken, and the finest part of Hungary! And we detest the Serbs! And—" "Then whom," I asked, "do you like?" "No one but ourselves! And, after all, Madam," he added, growing philosophical, "when one comes to think of it there is really no reason why one should!"

This pagan and unprofitable point of view is typical of the present Horthy régime, which one is assured on every hand was, and is, encouraged by the Entente. This everlasting chatter about boundaries and la revanche and indifference to the bad blood that it may stir up consumes the energies of the country. And the mischief of it is—for Hungary—that she has still enough rich agricultural territory left to her to make her one of the prosperous Danubian states if she turned her attention to her internal affairs and reformed her land system and educated the peasant to work the land that is now merely scratched. And the mischief of it is—for Europe—that Chauvinist calls to Chauvinist; and the Ludendorffists are the dear friends and visitors of Gombos and the Society of the Awakening of Magyars (which is the paradoxical name of a society that, in point of fact, has put many Magyars permanently to sleep). These are nice goings on at the door of the Balkans.

O America! O Europe! Not yet has man worked out, on any continent, a system of life quite suited to his needs. But America, so far as I can see, has the best of it. It may be that she is bleakly unclad with tradition, that the industrial machine dictates hours too long and too monotonous for the human machine, so that her rich men feel poor as they watch peasants riding to a wedding. But at least she has been able to make a Magyar talk to a Slovak, and stand him Slivowitz, and talk out matters of politics together, and agree on the meaning of abstract nouns, instead of competing in invective and raising tariff walls against each other, as they would if they had stayed in Europe and been subjected to the influences of the peace. This is a difference between the continents that Europe has more need to fear than any trade rivalry; and one has to visit the succession states of the Austrian Empire to realize how much need we have to fear it.

REBECCA WEST.

(This is the second of two articles by Miss West. The first appeared in our issue of March 4.)

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A Year's Savings

THE line of cleavage which runs between that part of the national income spent for durable things which add to the national wealth, as against that spent for goods and services which are used up currently in maintaining our customary standards of living has long been recognized as the most important in industrial life. The only other which approaches it in importance is that which distinguishes the money taken by the state in taxes and spent for public purposes from that which is left in the hands of individuals and corporations to spend as they see fit.

Public officials have been busy during the last year pledging themselves to make it possible for the people to work less for the government and more for themselves. Now as the facts of industrial life for 1924 are becoming available we find that the people were remarkably busy working for themselves all the time they were cheering for the statesmen. They brought forth a sufficient amount of product to maintain themselves in a pretty tolerable state of comfort throughout the year, and to add some $10,000,000,000 to their durable wealth represented by houses and other buildings, by automobiles and roads, and by permanent improvements to their railroads, public utilities, and manufactures. When they had done this there was still left almost a billion dollars' worth of product which they sent abroad. There were also interest and principal accruing to them on their investments abroad. The people of this country took in return for their excess exports and their rights to principal and income $250,000,000 of gold, which they did not greatly need, and $1,000,000,000 of foreign securities.

It appears, then, that the national savings for the year approximated $11,000,000,000. If our national income was only about $55,000,000,000 last year, as one banking economist has estimated it, then we have saved one-fifth of it. We have consumed in maintaining our governments and our personal standards of living only four-fifths of what we have produced. The other fifth has been used to increase the nation's wealth. If the national income is nearer $65,000,000,000, as more careful estimates would indicate, then we have saved one-sixth of our income.

All this has been accomplished, too, while we have been paying almost $8,000,000,000 in taxes to the federal, state, and local governments for the support of their activities. True, these governments have returned $1,000,000,000 in round numbers to the people in payment of debts, and another $1,000,000,000 in payment of interest. But this still left $6,000,000,000 as the portion of the national income which was used for the prosecution of public purposes rather than the pursuit of private ends.

It is not necessary to dilate upon the greatness of this economic accomplishment. England, in an ordinary year before the War, saved and added to her national wealth about $2,000,000,000 of her annual production. Germany added about the same. France and Italy together added somewhat less than the savings of either England or Germany alone. After due allowance for changes in the price level, it must still be admitted that the increase of national wealth through savings in the United States exceeds that of these four nations combined in an average pre-war year by a handsome margin. But something of this sort is always being said most boastfully by the spokesmen of our political and commercial organizations. They are well aware of the grandeur of our industrial accomplishment. That is, they are saying this when they are not reading jeremiads prompted by the inheritance tax or surtaxes. The striking nature of our American industrial accomplishments is easily discernible when read with the naked eye. It is only when it is viewed through the lens of the reformer that the industrial structure seems awry and its accomplishments diminutive.

Those figures of physical output by industries which were first prepared by Walter Stewart and Edmund Day six years ago, and which have since been carried forward by various organizations have debunked many of the lamentations put forth by people so diverse as radical politicians and labor leaders on the one hand and conservative leaders in finance and financial journalism on the other. The population of the United States is only one-half larger today than it was twenty-five years ago, but the manufacturing output measured in physical units is two and a half times as large. Mining output is three times as large. The manufacturing output is, therefore, one and two-thirds times as large for every man, woman, and child living in the United States as it was a quarter century ago. This is true despite the fact that the working day, in manufactures at least, has been reduced an hour a day. It is no wonder that we find it easy to save even while we are increasing the standard of living of the great mass of our people.

With such a volume of savings there should be no dearth of capital in the United States; and the experience of the year shows that there is none. We financed the largest volume of building operations which has ever been carried on in any year. We absorbed a volume of new corporate and government securities during 1924 which was unprecedented in our history. New capital issues, excluding refunding, listed by the Commercial and Financial Chronicle, totaled $5,569,689,190. This is a full billion and a quarter larger than the flotations of any previous year. And yet all of this capital was

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furnished at interest rates which were declining throughout a large part of 1924. It is true that it was accomplished in part by the imports of gold and by the lubrication which this furnished our banking and credit structure; but we paid for the gold with goods which we produced and then exported instead of consuming them ourselves. Our credit structure shows no signs of strain.

Who made the savings of 1924, and what are the specific forms of wealth which represent them? When we list the tangible additions to our wealth they appear as follows:

Houses and other buildings.....	$5,500,000,000
Railroad improvements.....	1,000,000,000
Public utility extensions and improvements	1,600,000,000
Additions to manufacturing plants..	1,800,000,000
Roads, pavements and public improvements other than buildings	1,000,000,000
Automobiles added.....	1,500,000,000
Gold and currency imported.....	300,000,000
Foreign securities imported.....	1,000,000,000

If the sum of these items could be taken as the net addition to our national wealth it would give us a total of $13,700,000,000. But they contain obvious duplications. A part of the improvements of railroads, public utilities, and manufacturing corporations consists of buildings. In the case of municipal and other governments a liberal allowance has been made for this item. A part of the 2,400,000 automobiles which were added during the year was purchased by corporations and governments, and has been excluded from the total. The country purchased 3,600,000 automobiles during the year, but a third as many have been abandoned, so that the net addition is only 2,400,000. Some of these even represent merely an offset to the depreciation of cars now in use which was not made good by abandonment and replacement during the year. Allowance must be made for these duplications, but a deduction of $2,500,000,000 will still leave a net addition to physical wealth and foreign securities owned of over $11,000,000,000.

It is clear that the greater portion of this wealth consisted of things like houses, roads, and automobiles, which minister directly to the wants of the great mass of our people. Fewer than 4,000,000 people paid income taxes in the last year for which reports are available; but over 15,000,000 people drive passenger cars.

Who saved the income that was spent in making these improvements and additions? Clearly the people who actually own these things today, and have the legal title to them, did not save all the funds which were used in their construction.

One of the most important sources of capital funds is to be found in those institutions which gather up the savings of great multitudes of people and invest them in mortgages and other securities. The outstanding institutions of this sort are the life insurance companies, the building and loan associations, and the various commercial and savings banks which accept savings deposits. Capital accumulation as represented by the activities of these institutions runs into figures which will amaze even the most hardened statistician. The old-line life insurance companies received in round numbers $2,100,000,000 in premiums during 1924. We are rather fed up on comparisons these days, but that is almost three times as much as they received even a decade ago. They collected some $600,000,000 in dividends, interest, and other income; but that was entirely absorbed by their expenses. These companies added $900,000,000 to their net assets, and paid well over $1,000,000,000 to policy holders, much of which was again reinvested by these recipients.

The building and loan associations advanced more than $1,260,000,000 on mortgage security toward the building of homes. Their membership has grown from less than 3,000,000 to more than 7,000,000 since 1913; and their assets have trebled. The amount which they advanced on mortgages last year was four times as large as in that former year.

When we consider the banks, we find that the members of the Federal Reserve system have had an increase of $1,154,000,000 in their time deposits during 1924. This does not include the mutual savings banks, nor does it include many state banks which have large time deposits. The number of depositors in all the banks of the United States who have savings accounts runs into the tens of millions.

These institutions receive not only their new premiums or deposits as the case may be, but the payments made by those who are indebted to them as well. These payments are normally saved out of the income of the home owner or the farmer. The statement so often heard these days that the farmer has used his increased income of the last year for the payment of debts is equivalent to the assertion that the farmer has saved part of his income and has thus contributed to the supply of capital upon the market.

Taxation is not commonly regarded as an activity which leads to capital accumulation. But to the extent that governments pay their bonds out of the taxes which the citizens contribute, they are engaged in paying a part of the national income. During 1924 roughly $1,000,000,000 of taxes was applied to this purpose. The state and municipal governments borrowed $1,354,000,000. These governments therefore borrowed everything that the federal and other political divisions disbursed in payment of debt, and more too.

The most important single source of funds for the security market which absorbs the new flotations of stocks and bonds is probably to be found in the reinvestment of income which is received by comparatively rich people as interest and dividends. The latest figures available are in the Statistics of Income for 1922. In that year the interest and dividend receipts reported for income tax purposes

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amounted to $4,700,000,000. In addition there was some tax exempt income, so that the total received by these persons must have been fully $5,000,000,000. In 1924 it was materially larger. There are in addition receipts of rents and royalties amounting to $1,250,000,000. Just what portion of these funds is saved, we do not know, but it is certain that a very large part of it returns to the investment market as a bid for securities.

The other source of capital supply which runs into the billions consists of corporate profits which are not paid out as dividends. In 1924 this amounted in round numbers to $2,000,000,000. In part this was used to buy securities to be held by these corporations as investments; but for the most part it went into extension of plant and facilities. This corporate surplus is after the payment of all expenses and interest, and after a deduction of almost $3,000,000,000 for depreciation and depletion of resources.

The American people have long been regarded as extravagant livers and spenders. But as one surveys these figures he cannot escape the conclusion that with all our so-called extravagance we are increasing abundantly our provision for the future.

DAVID FRIDAY.

The Dodder

ELAINE has a perfectly satisfactory explanation of Archie Payne's failure to astound the world with his poetry.

"He writes too well to succeed," she says. "He simply can't do that trashy, popular stuff that editors want nowadays."

The persistent affirmation that his talents are literary beyond the time is a great comfort to Archie. When his long vers libre symposium on the Death of King Arthur—in the mediæval manner—came back worn and threadbare from a twenty-third journey to unappreciative magazines, he made a new copy, like a hand-wrought scroll. This he carried to Elaine's apartment and presented on a lacquer tray, kneeling in mock heroics. It was inscribed to the one woman who prized his genius.

Elaine's apartment is Archie's great retreat in hours of tribulation, which, frankly speaking, are most of the time. He cannot endure his rather cheerless sky studio, in a dingy neighborhood. Elaine's home, with its atmosphere of luxury, soft lights, gorgeous draperies and velvet rugs is a much more fitting abode for a poet. Elaine herself has the art of cheering him, making him feel tremendously important. She talks a great deal about his poems and thinks it wonderful to be able to write so beautifully. Sometimes it seems to Archie she doesn't quite grasp his meaning; but then, he writes entirely from the Unconscious and doesn't always understand the lines himself. Besides, Elaine is a business woman, she couldn't be expected to have the perfect cultural background.

Elaine, be it understood, is *the* Elaine who made bitter-sweet chocolate drops famous. She owns a whole chain of candy stores with white painted front doors, and a gold-autographed Elaine spread across them. These shops and her wealth were not achieved too easily, however. They are a final consummation of long years of heart-breaking toil and sacrifice.

In all his sheltered life, Archie has never worked in one year as Elaine has in a day. His poems drift out vaguely. He never forces inspiration, because he's always afraid of driving it away. In consequence, he has long periods of unproductivity, days when the divine afflatus simply will not inflate. It is then Elaine is such a comfort. He dines there three or four times a week, goes to the theatre and opera with her and drives about in her limousine. Elaine is always lending Archie money, she does it so tactfully that he feels as if he were conferring a favor in accepting it. He salves his egotism by realizing how indispensable he is to her. As the only man in her life, he is permanent escort, convenient companion and sympathetic confidant.

There have been times when Archie has thought seriously of letting Elaine marry him. He has become accustomed to the manner of living in which she would keep him and likes it. Probably he would propose to her, if it were not for Charlotte. She is such a splendid pal—he doesn't want to hurt her as much as he thinks it would to lose him.

Charlotte isn't prosperous like Elaine, though she makes a comfortable living teaching in a private school. Her bachelor quarters are simple but home-like and she knows how to cook delicious meals on an electric grill. Archie is always welcome. In fact, he dines there whenever he is not with Elaine. The drawback about Charlotte is that she is athletic. Archie loathes physical exertion and it seems as if she were forever forcing him to go skating with her or to start on exhausting hikes over rough country roads. Worse, even, is her delight in those crude, uncomfortable week-end campingtrips, a nightmare of heavy duffle cases, back-breaking cots, canned salmon and Boston baked beans.

Archie would not allow himself to be dragged into outdoor sports if Charlotte were not so very good to him. She is deeply concerned with his welfare and is always giving him presents: gold-trimmed fountain pens, leather brief cases, monogrammed cigarette boxes, silk socks and fancy handkerchiefs. She bought him a gorgeous fur coat, once, for Christmas. There is a sort of prosaic reality about their friendship.

Between the ministrations of Elaine and Charlotte, Archie might have been relatively contented, except for Ursula. It may have been because they lived next door to each other as children and were too well acquainted. Or perhaps it was just natural

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depravity. Anyway, Ursula was a perpetual irritant, a sort of hair shirt which he wanted to discard, and couldn't. She piqued him because he was determined to make her see him as a Soul Précieux, wandering in a wilderness of commercialism. A publicity agent, she regarded everything in terms of newspaper values. In particular, she refused to read Archie's masterpiece on the Death of King Arthur.

"Old stuff," was her diagnosis. "If you must deal in obituaries, do them in advance and make a scoop when the person dies. Write an ode on Coolidge or the Prince of Wales—and have it ready in case of accident."

Ursula had the gift of making Archie's sensitive nature fairly writhe, with her matter-of-fact suggestions. Moreover, it was she who told him he was a dodder. At first he couldn't grasp what variety of opprobrium it was, but she didn't leave him long in ignorance.

"A dodder is one of those twining vines that live on other plants. I saw one once, a brilliant orange stem with white flowers, tightly wound around a gray old shrub. You're like that—not in direct relation to the earth—you have to get your living vicariously—"

"In other words," said Archie stiffly. "I am a parasite."

He was painfully wounded. On his way home, he stopped at the library to look up the word—"a leafless twining herb of the genus Cuscuta. . . . On coming in contact with the living stem of some other plant, the seedling dodder throws out a sucker by which it attaches itself and begins to absorb the sap of its foster-parent, ceasing then to have any connection with the ground. As it grows, it throws out fresh suckers, establishing itself on the host plant—continuing to twine and branch until it resembles finely tangled cat-gut."

Archie never forgave Ursula. It was days before he was himself with Elaine or Charlotte. A dodder was bad enough, but to be anything like cat-gut rankled in his poetic soul. He soon slipped back into the old routine, for he had to live and no one would buy his verses.

In other times Archie, as a bachelor, would have been either a rejected lover hiding his sorrows under a veneer of masculine indifference, a misogynist by preference or a woman hater by belief. Or he might have been really polygamous, loving in so many directions that he could not decide which to woo, and in the dilemma choosing none. Never before now, however, would he have been able to turn his freedom to such good account. For the advent of a feministic society and the economic independence of woman is rapidly developing a new profession for man.

Dodderism offers conspicuous advantages. The dangers of trade, the restrictions of a career, the soiled hands of labor may be avoided. Even the routine of business is entirely absent. Like the plant, the dodder attaches himself; a turn or two, and the thing is done. It is a pleasant and easy way of living.

Yet being a dodder has its problems. Even in this relatively mannerless age, he must possess discreet standards. Moreover, added to personal charm, the successful dodder must be accompanied by a complete and varied wardrobe. He must study what the men will be wearing, and according to the circle in which he dodders, follow the styles.

In the case of Archie, for instance, there were times when the problem of clothes was urgent indeed. True, Charlotte provided numerous little accessories of masculine attire and Elaine contributed charming vests to go with his dress suit, but neither they nor Ursula ever got below the surface, so to speak. In consequence, Archie's supply of underwear was so small that he was obliged to wash his garments in the bath-tub and dry them overnight. In fact he caught a heavy cold once by wearing certain necessary articles while they were yet damp, owing to an unexpected call from Charlotte to go tobogganing. A flashy sign-board on the street taunted him with the advice to turn his shirt-tails into pants, a feat which even in his more brilliant moments he could not achieve, though it seemed so economical.

With all her generosity, Elaine never once grasped what a strain her social activities were upon Archie's sartorial resources, to say nothing of his finances. The question of collars and pleated shirts, to be specific, was ever present and all the neighborhood laundries were for cash customers only. With Charlotte it was a little better, for sweaters and sport clothes may hide omissions and there is a sort of ethical code against dressiness in athletic circles. Nevertheless, the perpetual requirement of raiment on an intermittent budget, was an exaction of no mean order. This, of course, is because dodderism is a new profession and as yet without trades-unions to enforce adequate wages.

The hours, also, may be trying: a dance may not break up until long after midnight and no matter how bored he is, the dodder must see it through. Then, too, he is in honor bound to dance most of the time with his patroness, or at least see to it that she doesn't languish as a wall-flower. With Elaine there were peculiar difficulties because she was large and rather heavy and he sometimes felt like a puffing tug-boat piloting the Leviathan out of the harbor. Moreover, Elaine never by any chance wanted to go home early. She always stayed until the last encore and the final curtain call. Sometimes, at the longer operas, Archie ached with fatigue. His idea of true luxury was to feel rich enough to leave before the last act or in the middle of the first one, if he had had enough.

There were other exactions, too. Charlotte was a devotee of bridge and Ursula had a flair for Mah Jongg. Archie needed to be a good player, capable of helping his partners to victory and eking out

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some modest winnings for himself, but he was seldom lucky and never skilful. Charlotte subscribed for a course of private lessons in his behalf, but they only added to his confusion. The truth was that he did not find cards interesting and often when he was obligingly settled for a long bout, there came to him a passionate longing to run away and write a poem. It was almost the only time that literature fairly impelled him.

Every occupation has its hazards and strains. The demand that a dodder must be permanently agreeable and enthusiastic over every proposed activity requires not only rare ability but fortitude and poise. There come times, too, during the summer in particular, when a dodder, as escort on a sailing party, or a motor trip, must show his manly colors. In particular, in moments of emergency, he must be ready to dive overboard when the lady he attends inadvertently falls into the lake, or as deftly extricate her from under an overturned automobile. He must know when to read to her under the spreading tree, and when to retire and allow her to dream dreams. He must have both initiative and tact, be as versatile as a movie actor and not unlike him in charm.

As yet, only the most successful dodders receive sufficient reward from any one source for their entire support. Some are recruited from literary and artistic pursuits, for writing, painting, the drama, Greek dancing and even interior decorating will lend color to a dodder, and at the same time cause only slight exertion. A studio is a perfect auxiliary to a lounging career, although it is not necessary. A dodder may even hold a modest position in business and dodder for pin-money.

The true dodder, however, the type with a real future in his chosen occupation, is seldom drawn from the ranks of any form of labor. He grows up to the task from childhood, possessing a precocious sociability and a ready wit. His fitness is as evident as though he were endowed with a great voice, or painting propensities. Like the poet, he is born and not made.

In this pioneer period of dodderism, the market is not overcrowded, although there is an increasing demand for the dodder's services. For there are two kinds of bachelor women: those who can get along happily without men and those who cannot. The former have created a Utopia of feminine society, a woman world of clubs, man-less dinner parties, a whole gamut of gay and glorious activities of their own, with few of the emotional difficulties of bifurcated social life. The other group cannot orient to this all-woman world and frankly avoids it. Ultimately some of them marry. A great many, on the other hand, do not. They haven't found the man they want, they do not wish to give up a successful career, or they prefer the free life of a modern unmarried woman with her own latch key and no one to ask questions. For women like these, the dodder is indispensable. He is a sort of permanent masculine attachment who makes few obvious demands and creates no special responsibilities. Companionship with actual masculinity may cost a woman the bitter sweet of joy and sorrow. It is the price that men exact. The clinging dodder has no such ungentle code. With him, the woman pays—in coin. She expects to do this, however, and in her philosophy it's worth the price.

FLORENCE GUY SEABURY.

"It's Great to be a New Yorker!"

TELEPHONE call at 7: Cushman Corset Company? No; you have the wrong number! Gray winter. The crowded mail-box: Tannebaum, Ladies' Tailor; A good Bond Investment; You Will Want the Digest of Digests, with a Set of Kipling Free; landlord's complaint that tenants below are annoyed by sound of typewriter; letter delivered to wrong address. Ice-man at wrong door. Telephone: Excuse it please! Newspaper: Collins Found Dead After Seventeen Days; Seven-Cent Fare Is I. R. T. Plan. Telephone: too late; there's no one on the wire now. Genial Heywood Broun prefers Kaufman and Connolly to Shakespeare. Breakfast. Telephone: I have been trying to get you for a little party tonight. Breakfast. Somebody to see you: I don't want you to buy anything, I just want you to vote for me; I'm working for a scholarship; I want you to subscribe to the American Farm-Woman for five years. Breakfast.

The cold taste of winter in the vestibule. Gray winter, gray paves. Old man who wants the price of a meal. A fire. The bus stops at even numbers only: 10 instead of 9; 61,800,977 passengers used these buses in the past 12 months. The number carried INSIDE was 42,024,664; All multiples of 2; 8 instead of 9, instead of 10—walk back one block. Old servant's bedroom on Ninth Street, turned into four-room apartment; two rooms without air, two rooms without light or air; a lovely old house; there is a kitchenette in the clothes-closet; would they mind the typewriter? Oh, no; the partitions are very thick—see? the house has all been done over; Mr. Hicks is the agent; $2,000 a year.

Cross-town car: they don't stop here; they stop but when they stop it is when the whole traffic stops—a guard of taxis hedges them, to keep people away; a narrow slip; will they let down the step? a nickel for the glass trap; we don't transfer to Lexington Avenue. Lexington Avenue. Lofts to let; life in a loft—a blank life. Five rooms above Finck the Furrier; warm blast of million wet cats; kitchen opening into the bathroom; you can serve your meals in the hall; this is where the roaches breed—I can smell their leafy smell; gas-heating is asphyxiating—it's all right if you put a little water over it; sign a lease to boil three hundred and sixty-five days of water over a gas-radiator; there is a star-headed rivet in that brick wall that I could often look at out the window; $2,500.

Lunch; tables all taken—sit down opposite lady with glasses: the regular lunch; are my plates in your way? I see the salad on the brink; with salad a dollar ten—without salad a dollar; the tip a tenth of the check—a tenth of a dollar ten—eleven cents—a dollar eleven—a dollar and a quarter. It is a gray day. The steep El steps: Walk on Air Roach's Rubber Heels, Walk on Air Roach's Rubber

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ich's Rubber Heels; we obstruct
other on ... ps—there! I have stepped on you,
as I thought I was going to do; the automatic gate;
nickel clicks—will it stick? Take the Air-Line! Read
Furriers' Signs; Hotels for Gents. The straight uptown distances. This is going to be expensive—the elevator's wrought-iron cage; luxurious purple carpet, luxurious orange lights; The Fenimore; there is a shower, you see—yes; but no curtains—no; but there are curtain-rings to hang them on, you see—yes. I see; do those grates burn? You could have the plaster taken out and use them; they've just been sealed up with plaster; but I don't think you'll need any more heat—we've never had any complaints about the heat—in fact, some tenants say there's too much heat—we don't have any complaints about the heat. Would he be willing to take a one-year lease?—$5,000.

Eighty-three—I must get it at 82, instead of at 83. A narrow squeeze to a narrow seat; A Good Bond Investment; 61,809,977 passengers used these buses in the last 12 months; the dime-snatching slot; block by block—we are embedded in taxis; a fire. It is a longer walk to 159 West Eleventh Street, than you are likely to think. Four and five-room Apartments: the Superintendent goes away after 5. An old man who wants the price of a meal. Home again: rush up the stairs—the telephone is ringing: Is this Murdock and Cruger?—No; you have the wrong number. The gasman to look at the metre. A man who says I wrote to ask about a trip to the West Indies—No; those are not my initials. A confidential bootlegger. Alone at last; don't go near that typewriter case!—that's where the bills are hidden. The bath: there is hot water but it is brown and has a sandy sediment. The telephone: Do you know where Frank is? We want him to come, too. I'll look it up—I'll try to get him. They have crushed the absorptive properties out of this towel—and see! here is a hole. A fire; every fire is a triumph—a triumph over traffic—they have gone to save Finck the Furrier, who has a fire in his loft. Hello: is Frank there? Isn't this Atwater, 8965? Give me Atwater, 8965: Walter, do you know where Frank is? You might try Circle, 9200, Extension 12. Is this Circle, 9200, Extension 12? Is Mr. Merriwell there? Mr. Merriwell has gone to the Coast.

It is either 53 East 56 or 56 East 53. No; then it is 56 East 53. I can hear the victrola through the door; the faster you play it, the higher the pitch. Frank has gone out to the Coast. Thank you. The gin is bad in itself but it is the orange-juice that makes it sickening. My affability is insincere. I have been looking for an apartment but they are all so expensive. Yes, they are all terribly expensive. Thank you. The stage when there is nothing but melted ice is the worst of all. When it is running down, the pitch becomes lower. Have you seen The Guardsman? It is wonderful. No; but I saw The Swan. I thought it was wonderful. Thank you. Yes; we have fallen for the Crossword Puzzles. There! I have asked them to dinner—that's a mistake. I must leave immediately before I do anything ridiculous. I'm afraid I must go now. I wanted to get away before the busses stopped running. I will catch it at 54; 61,800,977 passengers used these buses in the past 12 months; A Good Bond Investment. I am sorry I asked them to dinner—I am sorry I said The Swan was well-acted; but then one has to pretend a little enthusiasm—one has to pretend a little cordiality—even if one doesn't feel it.

EDMUND WILSON.

The Wild Duck

The Wild Duck, by Henrik Ibsen. Presented by the Actors' Theatre. Staged by Dudley Digges and Clare Eames. Production designed by Jo Mielziner. At the Forty-eighth Street Theatre.

NOT so many years ago Mme. Nazimova, having perhaps heard someone say "hitch your wagon to a star," picked out the Wild Duck as a suitable vehicle for her genius. The star, as often happens, ran away with the wagon, and ditched it. She played Hedvig, not Gina. Yes, Hedvig, the simple, heartbroken little girl of fourteen, whom she transformed into an unpleasantly precocious sort of child violinist.

This unhappy memory has now been completely erased by about the most natural, competent, moving performance of a great play seen in New York for years. The curiously bitter sadness of those five acts, which in less capable hands could so easily be misplayed into mere gloom, those solidities so vulnerable to mere heaviness, are in this production welded together into something very like greatness.

He could so easily be betrayed. The bitter burden of the play could so easily crush all the players to earth. For in The Wild Duck Ibsen had an idea so strong as to be almost an obsession, and anything less than good acting might very well let in the obsession at every chink and knothole to blow through all five acts like a ruthless wind. In other plays Ibsen had been the enemy of lies, he had followed the "claim of the ideal." In The Wild Duck he reversed himself. Here was a situation in which lies, lies, lies were the substance of life for certain people. There was something in Ibsen that might have driven him to destroy these lies himself. He puts just enough of himself into Gregers Werle, who smashes the lies and the people with them, to give terrible meaning to this portrait of uncompromising idealism. If happiness is built on sand, the sand, no matter how vile, is not to be disturbed. To the claims of the ideal are opposed the claims of a human being for happiness and peace: there is no doubt on which side of the conflict between the truth and peace Ibsen stands, and he fights all the harder for having once been on the other.

Here are the elements of an almost unbearably relentless battle, here is drama which the passionate partisanship of its creator seems bound to make a little unreal. But it is the high virtue of this performance to make the reality of the people in it greater than the battle and bring out, along with the savagery, the bitterness, the fierce sarcastic humor, that also which was meant to be diverse and beautiful and tender and profound. For Ibsen was at once fierce and tender, and each quality lent strength to the other. From one side of him we get the cold, accurate fury of his delineation of Gregers Werle, the icy, infallibly destructive touch of well-meaning idealism, and the merciless sarcasm behind every word put into the mouth of Hialmar Ekdal, the unerring telltale speeches, confessions, all hitting on the same nail, yet all somehow adding to the character. These two are drawn with violent, if artful directness. What a contrast to their clear-cut salience is that little attic, concealed by doors, veiled by a net of rope, which is one of the most subtly symbolic and imaginative devices anywhere in the drama, and at the same time so comprehensible, so commonplace. A dim little attic, artificially forested with dying pine-trees, a tiny wilderness of rabbits and poultry

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and the maimed wild duck, where old Ekdal goes hunting in the old army uniform, and from where his make-believe shots ring out as from a great mountainside, a limbo of life lost, disconnected and cornered in toylike miniature, a vast empire of daydreams . . .

Yet in the end the play rests with Hedvig. If we do not believe in her, we cannot truly believe in any of the rest of it. It was quite impossible to believe in Nazimova's self-conscious offering of the anchovies and caviar of acting. In Miss Helen Chandler's Hedvig we believe almost too much. Her simple, lovely freshness crosses the footlights almost too touchingly. She is too terribly real. From the first moment when we see the slight little figure bent over her lesson books, through her gay limpid talk about the duck, her half-repressed agony when Ekdal announces he will wring its neck, the wild grief clutching at him as he goes, till the limp little legs are laid on the sofa, she is pure, heart-breaking joy to eye and ear. She is so simple, so naturally restrained, so refreshingly unaware of the theatre-full of darkened faces all hanging on the fate of one small blond little girl, who has something great and invulnerable about her too. In what soil can this rare flower be made to grow again?

The others cannot win our hearts as Hedvig does, but they are good—individually very good, as a company very remarkable indeed. A fine solidity and restraint, together with a sincerity and seriousness hardly ever too much underlined, was common to them all. To this observer Mr. Warburton Gamble's Hialmar Ekdal was thoroughly satisfactory. It is a difficult part, and skates close to wind and exaggeration at times, but Mr. Gamble skated as near but no nearer than was necessary. Yet there remain other ways of playing it, and one of them, yet to be seen, might have seemed better. Ekdal receives pretty harsh treatment at Ibsen's hands. After the scene in which he impetuously announces that he will go away, then wavers, decides to move only as far as the next room, there is little left of him for us to respect or like. Yet he is also the kind of person that Hedvig can love very much. He ought to a certain extent to appear lovable to her and Gina. Since Ibsen has not written this possibility into the part it should appear in the acting. And Mr. Gamble was not likable enough.

The part of Gregers Werle begins slowly. He is stiff, a trifle ceremonious, a serious and rather stuffy young fellow. Only gradually does the flame of his incurably narrow idealism show within him. Mr. Tom Powers made this transition very ably, and when the chill flame broke out, kept it from burning too high. His appearance was excellent—that of a forbidding but also pathetically high-minded daguerreotype. Miss Blanche Yurka as Gina was extraordinarily good; there was a kind of nobility in her simple weariness, her calm gestures, her restrained, penetrating, resonant voice. Particularly good too was the lively, trivial senility of Mr. Cecil Yapp as old Ekdal—a fearfully easy part to over- or under-emphasize. But Mr. Yapp was just right. And Mr. Moffat Johnston and Mr. Chalmers and Mr. Leigh were good—everyone was good.

Everyone was good, and everyone was the better for the excellence of all the others. For this we have largely to thank Miss Clare Eames and Mr. Dudley Digges, who gathered together an excellent cast and modelled it into something extraordinary, the best ensemble work we have seen on our stage, a magnificent slap at the star system, a splendid achievement and a more splendid promise for the American theatre.

ROBERT LITTELL.

Washington

IN a very few days now dear old Dr. Stearns, who since August 1923 has been scared to death he would wake up some fine day and find all this White House stuff only a lovely dream, will take his departure. He and Mrs. Stearns, soon after the inauguration, are sailing for Europe to be gone some months. They will be back before the summer is over but expect to take a good long rest on the other side.

It has been a strain on the good old Doctor—these last eighteen months—and he needs a change. Nobody in or around the White House has worked as tirelessly as he. It is true he has not accomplished much, but he has tried hard. His hours have been long and his treatment at times rough. His distinguished friend has not at all times been tender and loving. In fact, he has not hesitated to address him on occasion with a rasping petulance and obvious irritation that would have wounded a less worshipful and more sensitive follower. Long ago the White House correspondents had the old Doctor "sized up" and liked him. They have definitely placed him as neither a confidential adviser, nor a political factor. Solely and simply the devoted personal friend, he has for a year and a half run errands and done a lot of odd little jobs for the President, bungling a few of them it is true, but happy as a child rolling a hoop all the time. He is, however, afraid he will wake up.

It may seem ridiculous at this time but my prediction is that before the four years of the Coolidge administration now about to begin are over, Herbert Hoover will be Secretary of State—and I have some grounds upon which to base this belief. One of these is that, considering his experience and the restricted field from which the President must choose in the event of another vacancy, Hoover is the logical man. Another is the feeling that he wants it. A third is the fact that, with Hughes gone, the Hoover influence in the White House is greater than any one or any two other members of the Cabinet.

Some weeks ago, Mr. Warren intimated to certain political friends that, if confirmed, he did not expect to remain at the head of the Department of Justice very long. The deduction was that he expected to become Secretary of State. His recent troubles in the Senate, however, make this prospect seem much more remote than it was and the Hoover idea was spread. They may be wholly wrong but most men here absolutely refuse to accept the idea that Mr. Kellogg will remain in Mr. Hughes's shoes more than a year.

This Coolidge talk about calling another disarmament conference in Washington which is put out regularly every few weeks in one form or another from the White House is as hollow as the Harding gestures about the World Court. I do not mean by that, that Mr. Coolidge is insincere about desiring disarmament, or that he does not mean all he says as to his hope that the nations of the earth can again get together and agree to curtail competition. It is also true that, as the foreign correspondents report, "certain conversations" have been had on the subject. All I am doing is voicing my own scepticism that anything more will come out of the Coolidge gestures about a second disarmament conference than came out of the Harding-Coolidge gestures about adhering to the World Court.

If Mr. Hughes were to remain as Secretary of State that

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belief would not be so strong. With Mr. Hughes out I see no such force in either the White House or the State Department—unless my Hoover prediction should achieve early fulfilment. Mr. Coolidge is for the World Court, for a disarmament conference, for a sound agrarian policy, but he isn't burningly for them, earnestly, zealously, ardently, for them. There is no fire nor force back of his advocacy. He is neither a pusher nor a driver. He is a waiter. That's the way he has got everything he has politically—by waiting—but that isn't the way the country will get any of the things above mentioned.

Someone really ought to put a little ice on the fevered brow of Brother Brisbane before he bursts into flames over this aircraft business.

In pursuit of the traditional Hearst policy of frightening the life out of the simple-minded souls who compose the Hearst circulation, he has apparently become crazed by his own dope. With an earnestness that almost carries conviction he consistently presents his conception of the imminent and present danger to our great cities of being destroyed by fleets of enemy airships with which this country would be utterly unable to contend. Reading this stuff, it is impossible to tell whether the man who writes it is brilliant and unbalanced or sane and sinister. Probably a fifty-fifty mixture of both would be about right. You could not possibly be intelligent enough to write that sort of thing as strikingly as Brisbane does and still believe it and it would be absolutely impossible to believe it as completely as he seems to do and still be intelligent enough to write as well as he does. The thing simply does not work out.

An amusing phase of the recent Hearst hullabaloo over the aircraft hearings and General Mitchell's gyrations is the demand that Mr. Coolidge insist upon the resignation of John W. Weeks as Secretary of War. The reason this campaign against Mr. Weeks is so particularly absurd is because, of all the members of the Coolidge Cabinet, Mr. Weeks is the least anxious to stay. At the same time he is the member of his official family about whose remaining Mr. Coolidge has been most insistent. I personally know Mr. Weeks would like to have retired from public life right after the Coolidge election and at that time did offer his resignation, not as a matter of form, but because he sincerely wanted to go back to Massachusetts to live.

The sudden death of Medill McCormick will make considerable difference in Illinois politics. It leaves a large element of the Republican party there without a militant leader. There was no doubt at all that in spite of his defeat Medill had his hand firmly on things in his state, and was in a stronger personal position, with his money, his machine and the Tribune support, than any other single individual who could crop up. Now that he has gone, as usual, more kind words are said of him than when he lived. Full credit is given him for instance for making possible a national budget. Had it not been for Senator McCormick, those who know best say, we would still be without a budget system. In a very real sense, he is referred to as the "father of the budget."

T. R. B.

Washington.

A COMMUNICATION

The Effect of Inheritance Taxes

SIR: The emphasis upon capital and upon the act of savings which creates capital was a distinguishing characteristic of the older economics. It was likewise the fundamental principle of national economic policy in western civilization. The growth of national production and of the national income was impeded half a century ago by nothing so much as by the scarcity of capital. Fertile land and labor there was in abundance in America, but capital was scarce. The interference with capital accumulation was a thing to be avoided at almost any cost.

Today capital is abundant. Manufacturers and other business men tell you frankly that the limiting factor in American industry is not capital, but labor. Capital is not difficult to secure today, but efficiency in one's working force is a real problem. Yet in political discussion the old emphasis upon capital accumulation as a primary consideration is constantly recurring. Its latest manifestation is the objection of President Coolidge to inheritance taxes on the ground that they "are capital taxes, they take a part of the accumulated capital of the nation." In this they differ "from income taxes, which are deductions from what a taxpayer makes each year, and payment for which presumably can be made without hardship." The President believes that these taxes "take away the inspiration to work in order to build up a business or create a property." And he gives us fair warning that "to destroy incentive is to lessen production and the prosperity of the country."

So the country has fair warning that its feet are treading the path of danger in this matter of savings and capital accumulation; and it has it from a high source. But what are the facts? During the last four years the federal government has collected on the average $131,000,000 of inheritance taxes annually. The various state governments collected about $70,000,000 each year, thus making a total of $200,000,000 annually. Just how seriously does such a draft upon the nation's wealth interfere with capital accumulation? Let it be noted in passing that during the same four years we added to the stock of gold in this country $1,762,572,587, or an amount fully twice as large as the collection of inheritance taxes. The great mass of this gold we got from abroad by sending to other nations goods which we had produced and which we did not consume ourselves but exported, in excess of those which we imported. Let it be noted further that during this same four years the federal government paid off more than $2,500,000,000 of its public debt. In short, the various governments took $800,000,000 from the estates of decedents. The federal government alone returned three times that sum to investors to whom it owed money. It is rather hard to make out any case for the proposition that these inheritance taxes were subtracted from the invested capital of the nation.

In short, the claim that a subtraction of $200,000,000 annually from the property of rich people who die within the year is having any material effect upon the supply of capital funds, or upon the growth of wealth in this nation, is plainly ridiculous. The federal government saved three times that much out of its taxes in the very years in which these collections were made, and applied its savings to paying off its debts.

Since the beginning of the present estate tax in September, 1916, to December 31, 1923, we have the returns of

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67,446 resident decedents. After deducting funeral and administrative expenses, and all debts, these estates had remaining a total of $12,293,000,000. Out of this they paid the federal government $535,067,000 in inheritance taxes. This was 4.35 percent. During the year 1923 the Treasury statistics show one estate of over $10,000,000. After paying all expenses and debts this estate amounted to $24,650,000, on which it paid state taxes to the federal government of $5,321,000. In the single year 1922 the states, counties, cities, and other local jurisdictions collected in taxes levied on property $3,321,000,000, according to the report of the United States Census. In view of the fact that the property tax has been the mainstay of American taxation for a century and a half, it seems rather late to view with alarm the $200,000,000 which the inheritance taxes yield, because they are levied upon capital.

The President's concern in this matter is especially amusing when it is viewed in the light of the new securities which the American public absorbed in the year 1924 and the course which interest rates pursued during that year, to say nothing of the optimistic outgivings from all branches of the government, as well as by business men, concerning our national prosperity as measured by production and general well-being. During the calendar year 1924, $5,570,000,000 of new corporate and government securities were sold to investors in this country. This is exclusive of those issued for refunding purposes. It exceeds by $1,250,000,000 the issues of any previous year. Yet the supply of capital with which these securities were absorbed was so abundant that interest rates fell amazingly during the first half of the year and remained low until its end. Surely there was no dearth of capital for any legitimate purpose. It was so abundant that it was unusually cheap.

It is amazing that all these facts should be ignored by the chief executive in considering the economic effects of a fiscal measure so well established as the inheritance tax. Perhaps they were never brought to his attention. For everyone who has read the utterances of the Treasury Department on this same subject recognizes in this address only a restatement of that position. It is just as unsound now as it was when it came from its original source.

"ECONOMIST."

New York, N. Y.

CORRESPONDENCE

Liberalism and the Protocol

SIR: Like Professor Zimmern, I unreservedly prefer MacDonald to Ludendorff. But this preference does not help me in the slightest to an understanding of the scope and meaning of the Geneva Protocol. I am also, of course, in entire agreement with Professor Zimmern's general aims for a world in peace. But means determine ends. Complete sympathy with the ends sought to be obtained by the Protocol likewise does not help me to an understanding of the means which the Protocol provides. Not even the Geneva debates last September furnish the key to its understanding. The Protocol is the distillate of the debates. Its meaning must be sought in the terms of the document, in the light of the accompanying authoritative report of M. Politis, as applied concretely to the living problems of Europe. Neither in my original letter to the New Republic nor now do I argue for or against the Protocol. I am humbly seeking to understand. One cannot be for the Protocol until one knows what the Protocol is for.

Professor Zimmern and other advocates of the Protocol claim for that proposal the application of a system of arbitration by the Great Powers to "all disputes." I ventured to call attention to the fact that M. Politis in presenting the Draft Protocol accompanied it with an authoritative interpretation, according to which "disputes which aim at revising treaties and international acts in force, or which seek to jeopardize the existing territorial integrity of signatory States" are outside of the Protocol. That the disputes thus withdrawn from settlement are the very disputes most likely to occur, in view of the present structure of Europe, has been pointed out by some of the most disinterested students of European affairs.

Professor Zimmern replies that I have fallen into a confusion of thought "between the making of law and the determination of law." He argues that the Protocol merely improves "the arrangements for the determination of law"—"law" assuming the existing materials "upon which judicial decisions are based," but excluding new determinations, that is, law-making. Professor Zimmern would be wholly right if the Protocol merely relied on judicial machinery. But no one knows better than Professor Zimmern that the field allotted to judicial machinery is only part of a system which the Protocol establishes. Probably the most important innovation of the Protocol is the non-judicial, political means for settling disputes which it devised. Political settlements mean legislation; for their characteristic is that they are not confined to "material upon which judicial decisions are based." In the most important instances they go counter to such materials. I confidently stand on the contention that the Protocol does not provide arbitration for all disputes, but that, on the contrary, it excludes some of the most pregnant disputes of Europe from its scope for arbitration. This, let me repeat, does not of itself argue against the Protocol. It is my simple aim to focus attention on the meaning of the Protocol as a prerequisite to a judgment about it.

Professor Zimmern properly enough refers me to the Covenant as affording possibilities for revision of unjust treaty terms. In international law, as in municipal law, the difference between "law in books and law in action" is decisive. Let me commend to Professor Zimmern's attention the views of the London Nation, in the last issue to hand (February 14, 1925), as to the availability of the Covenant for rectifying the status quo were the Protocol to be adopted:

> The fear which we share with Mr. McNair [an international lawyer at Cambridge, who has expressed views like mine] is that "disputes which aim at revising treaties and international acts in force," to which, according to M. Politis, the Protocol cannot be applied, will cease (if the Protocol is adopted) to be amenable to the procedure for peaceful settlement set out in Articles XI-XV of the Covenant. States wishing to maintain such treaties could refuse to discuss revision and could claim the protection of all the signatories to the Protocol while they barred the way to progress. Our own view is that to stereotype the status quo in this way would not necessarily be bad for the world for the next few years, but that to attempt to do so permanently would inevitably lead either to an explosion or to a break of the obligations implied in the Protocol.

I hope it does not bespeak alliance with Ludendorff to seek understanding of what the Protocol does—and doesn't.

FELIX FRANKFURTER.

Cambridge, Mass.

National Railways in Canada

SIR: In your issue of January 21 is published a communication from Mr. John L. MacDougall of Cambridge, Massachusetts. In his letter Mr. MacDougall courteously expressed himself as in general agreement with the conclusions of my article, previously published, on the Canadian National Railways. He found himself unable to concur with me, however, on the following points:

1. Criticism of the "extraordinarily foolish policy of the late Bordon government." This is unjust, Mr. MacDougall declared, because the previous Liberal government initiated the policy carried out by the Conservatives.

2. The statement that the Grand Trunk was an "old and solid Eastern institution."

3. My characterization of MacKenzie and Mann as "frenzied promoters." Mr. MacDougall would excuse the politico-financial and other activities of this extraordinary firm on the ground that

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they should be "judged by the standards of their time," (1910-1915). He adds further that they were construction experts and that they were proved honest by the report of the Railway Inquiry Commission of 1917.

4. The statement that "when the War pressure ended in 1918 the Liberal and Progressive parties combined to force the government's hand, and a board of directors, appointed by Ottawa, was placed in charge of both lines . . . ." Mr. MacDougall suggests that this statement be modified to draw attention to the fact that legislation looking towards this end was passed by the Conservatives in 1917. This modification I cheerfully accept, merely adding that my statement as printed was precisely accurate: namely, that the actual legislation constituting the charter of the Canadian National Railways was forced from the Borden government late in 1918, in 1919 and in 1920. It might also be added that the legislation of 1917 was not, as Mr. MacDougall would have us infer, passed because the Conservatives approved of it, but because the government was forced to take such action by popular demand.

If I may trespass on your columns to that extent, I would wish to append a brief note to each of these criticisms.

1. The fact that the Liberal government was unwise does not seem to me to be any justification for praising the Borden administration. Improbable as it may seem to Mr. MacDougall, I was not unaware of the activities of Sir Wilfred Laurier's government, nor even of the railway scandals of the previous Conservative régime dominated by Sir John A. Macdonald. In the course of a brief review I did not feel that it was possible to give a complete and detailed account of the whole unsavory mess. Nor can I find now, in reviewing the record of the Conservative government with its unsecured loans, and refusal after refusal to undertake regulation and control in the face of certain eventual bankruptcy under private management, any reason for modifying my statement as to its "extraordinarily foolish policy."

2. In regard to the Grand Trunk I wrote, in substance, that it had failed due to the extreme ambition and unwise building program of its board of directors: a program that even "an old and solid Eastern institution" could not justify with hopes of success. In order to save space and to forego a useless argument, it may be admitted that Mr. MacDougall is correct and that the Grand Trunk was never a great success. Which makes my statement relative to the wisdom of its Board of Directors even more accurate. If the Grand Trunk was strong (as I would still maintain), the policy of its directors was unwise; if it was weak, (as Mr. MacDougall declares), that policy was insane.

3. No person could deny the financial ability of the firm of MacKenzie and Mann. Proof of this ability can be found in the personal solvency of the two worthy gentlemen in spite of, or perhaps, because of, the bankruptcy of their railroad, and the losses of their investors. "Judged by the standards of their own time" (a thief is not a thief, says Mr. MacDougall, unless he is the only thief), or the standards of any other time, Messrs. MacKenzie and Mann would be known as experts in railroad construction, political lobbyists, and public exploiters of the most agile variety. I would recommend to Mr. MacDougall a study of the various grants made to MacKenzie and Mann, and of such townsite activities as those which they carried on at Fort Steele and Port Mann. As for the report of the Railway Inquiry Commission, that means precisely as much as a similar political whitewashing would mean in a similar case in the United States.

HUGH L. KEENLEYSIDE.

Syracuse, N. Y.

To Study Indian Welfare

SIR: The National League of Women Voters announces that arrangements have been completed with Robert Brookings Graduate School of Economics and Government, 1724 Eye Street, N. W., Washington, D. C., for the establishment by the League of a fellowship for the year 1925-1926 for the study of the American Indian problem, the successive policies of the government, and the contemporary administration of Indian affairs.

The amount of the fellowship is $1,000 which covers for one year the cost of fees, room, board, and all the facilities of the Robert Brookings Graduate School. If the candidate's work proves satisfactory during the first year, the Brookings School agrees to renew the fellowship for a second year at the end of which time the candidate will be expected to qualify for and receive the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

The fellowship is open to women graduates of approved colleges and universities who have had the equivalent of a full year of graduate work in economics and government. A background of study in the political and social sciences is highly desirable.

Application for the fellowship should be made to the National League of Women Voters, 532 Seventeenth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. They must be made by May 1, 1925, upon a form prepared for the purpose. For copies of the General Announcement of the Robert Brookings Graduate School, application blanks, and further information about the fellowship write to the National League of Women Voters.

ANNE WILLIAMS.

Washington, D. C.

A Reply to Professor Riddle

SIR: Friends have asked me to reply to Professor Riddle's review of my book on The Inheritance of Acquired Characteristics, as published in the New Republic of December 3 of last year. I am taking up this matter simply because I respect Professor Riddle as a scientist and research worker of highest standing, but find that his review is written in such a way as to make it impossible for me to answer explicitly, as he is much too general in outline and expression.

Professor Riddle finds "little and only inadequate new evidence" for the scientist, but does not explain just what is little and inadequate. He finds "the argument notably incomplete" even for the layman, but does not point out just what is incomplete.

Professor Riddle asserts that the non-inheritance of acquired characters is a commonplace observation, but fails to give any example. He repeats several times that my experiments on toads, salamanders and sea-squirts neither prove nor "even clearly suggest the inheritance of acquired characters," but gives no advice as to where they are missing their aim. In the sea-squirt case, he quotes the non-corroborating experiment of Fox, but does not allude to MacBride's and my discussion of Fox's failure, contained in the book. Neither does he draw upon my predecessors who succeeded, like me, in elongating the animal's regenerated siphons.

Professor Riddle assures his readers that "the cases cited often have no real relation to the question of acquired characters," but omits to mention the fact that I was compelled to cite them because they were used as evidence *against* the inheritance of acquired characters.

He admits that environment influences evolution, but insists, without reasoning, that this influence is not inheritance of acquired characters. "It ain't because it ain't," as Dr. Thorne has put it in his review of my book which appeared in the New York Times of December 21. I think the layman will find my arguments a trifle more substantial.

Professor Riddle reproaches me with "misconception of the rôle of environment," but again fails to point out how I could correct my misconception. His conception that "radically different environments should yield the same character in as many different forms" is discussed in a separate chapter of my book, where I pointed out that this conception cannot be maintained. But Professor Riddle says, as I predicted, "just because."

If it were not for Riddle's conscientiousness of which I am personally aware; if he were unknown to me as a reviewer, I could not help suspecting that he didn't read my book at all. But as matters stand now, I can only remark resignedly that the two of us do not understand each other. I think that a book, conceived with the greatest care and being the fruit of decades of my own hard research work, should not be grandly waved off with general, unsubstantiated fault findings. This judgment of my book lacks the most important characteristic of a thorough criticism—to give the man criticized a chance to learn from such a review.

PAUL KAMMERER.

New York, N. Y.

"Pay As You Fight"

SIR: Mrs. Julia Ford, in your issue of January 28, suggests that international bankers should be invited to join a movement which she calls "Pay as You Fight." But if Ruskin was right in his dictum that "Wars are money lenders' harvests"—harvests which are by no means neglected—then this polite invitation would appear to be an invitation to commit suicide.

JOHN BASIL BARNHILL.

Canton, Penn.

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Science Manhandled

The Fruit of the Family Tree, by Albert Edward Wiggam. Indianapolis and New York: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $3.

GOOD publicity and a meretricious style have made Mr. Wiggam's position well-known to most people; he believes: "that science knows the mechanical means by which virtue and vice, beauty and homeliness, intelligence and stupidity, bald-headedness and color blindness, tuberculosis and bad colds are transmitted from parent to child."

In this book, therefore, he gives us an account of Mendelian laws, of inheritance of tallness and dwarfness in peas, and whiteness and blackness in mice; but his chief concern is with the proper study of mankind; he does not wish personally to breed mice or peas, but the right sort of men and women. In this desire he is fortified by an almost unbounded optimism.

He believes, for example, (p. 28) that "insanity or feeble-mindedness or mediocrity or genius or musical or mathematical ability or capacity for self-control" are Mendelian characters. Take a man breeding true to 'self-control,' let us say, marry him to a woman breeding true to its opposite—whatever that may be—then the second generation will consist of individuals all of them showing self-control as a dominant factor, the third generation will have three individuals capable of exercising self-control, and one unable to do so: and, on an average, one of these will always breed true to self-control, one to lack of it and the other two in the proportion of three to one, and so ad infinitum. So too with musical ability; a man or woman with this dominant character and four grandchildren may set these—the grand-children—to play trios but not quartets, for the fourth will not be able to whistle the Star Spangled Banner in tune, though he may learn to turn over the music. Moreover as lack of musical ability is a poor sort of thing, this fourth will be discouraged from marrying.

He believes further that (p. 160) susceptibility to tuberculosis is a Mendelian character and that this presents "a very happy outlook for the future. It means that by wise marriages, we can, so to speak, 'steer round' these diseases and produce families that are wholly immune from them." Clearly you cannot tell if anyone is immune from tuberculosis, you can only tell that he is not immune when he gets it, or, if you believe Mr. Wiggam, you may suspect him of not being immune if someone else in his family has had it. So Mr. Wiggam's hope is that anyone who has been tubercular or who has a tubercular relative, will in some unspecified way be discouraged from having children. He admits that even those who have had parents who died from the disease stand a very good chance of escaping a similar death because "Skeeterskoot is very effective in keeping off the mosquitoes. By this very simple device one overcomes the effects of ages of evolution which have made one an easy prey to these pests." The reference to mosquitoes seems to show that Mr. Wiggam does not clearly distinguish between tuberculosis and malaria, but let that pass; he seems to have odd ideas about evolution and natural selection if they end ignominiously in making men become "an easy prey to these pests," instead of conferring immunity on them, but let that pass too; the significant thing is that even Mr. Wiggam admits that "this very simple device" can overcome the effects of heredity; in other words that an environmental factor —clearly Skeeterskoot is not inherited—can so easily reverse the hereditary factor. Of course our author is talking nonsense, here as so often elsewhere, but the admission makes this particular nonsense comparatively worth while; for his whole philosophy is based on the alleged inefficacy of skeeterskoot—taken as a symbol of social environment, education, hygiene, institutions—in the face of the aforesaid ages of evolution.

His optimism is magnificently futile in other directions too; he believes (p. 278) that "the intelligent, active and energetic are more beautiful than the lazy, ignorant and stupid," and also that "people with brains are usually better morally than people with empty heads," and "therefore it follows that good-looking people are better morally, on the average, than ugly people." This he deduces from a study of Royalty and their effect upon history; the whole trend of national fortunes in Europe has been conditioned, he tells us, by the moral and intellectual character of the royal families.

"Every schoolboy has puzzled over the causes of the great events of history. He has wondered, for instance, why Belgium and Denmark are small while France and Germany are big. But here we have a simple and complete explanation of it all; the small nations have never for long periods had the chance to come under the genius of great rulers." "Some," he complains, "have said that nations have risen and fallen because economic conditions changed, trade routes were moved, the church came into power, culture fell into decay and the like. But they have failed to inquire why conditions changed." Now through Wiggam and Woods we know the cause; the Suez Canal was substituted for the Cape route to India, feudalism gave place to industrialism, the reformation was successful in Scotland, because of the character of the reigning monarchs. Perhaps the golden age of Victorian culture gave way to the decadent nineties, because Victoria grew old, an idea consistent with the Golden Bough and the killing of the king in primitive communities lest his senility should weaken his people.

"Civilization," says Mr. Wiggam, "is created and held together by a very few men—all of them of extraordinary brains. The whole sweep of modern investigation indicates that if five hundred, possibly one hundred, such men could be taken out of human history, there would be no great or worthy history; . . . without Phidias and Angelo, no art; without Plato and Kant, no philosophy; without Aristotle and Bacon, no science"—which seems rather hard on the Cretan artists, on Socrates, and the Egyptian astronomers. Leaving such idiocies to the historians, let us return to heredity and its practical applications: Mr. Wiggam makes the following major mistakes: First, he talks about human qualities of the most complicated kind, such as musical ability, self-control, tuberculosis immunity, as if they were Mendelian characters; they are not, and can therefore not be understood by Mendelian laws. Because you can show that certain qualities sometimes run in families you cannot say that these families have the monopoly of those qualities; thus for every musician known and developed, there are a thousand potentially musical people whose education does not happen to bring their gift to the surface. Therefore you can discover no laws which will make it more likely that any given couple will have more musical children than a second couple; for the second couple may be just as potentially musical. If you

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want more musicians you are more likely to get them by testing and training ten times as many children than by waiting about in the hope of persuading people to marry one another for art's sake. Second, even if you did know that certain qualities were to be procured by mating certain people, what about skeletons in the cupboard able to leap out from five generations back; what would it profit a man to gain his father's bushy hair if he gained also his great-grandmother's color blindness! Third, Byron, Keats, Darwin, Julius Cæsar, St. Paul, all are examples of people whom Mr. Wiggam would not have wanted born, while as fathers they are impossible from all standards. Yet if all is transmitted why should we not risk the epilepsy, the tuberculosis, even Darwin's baldness so as to get the brains and imagination?

Fourth, Mr. Wiggam points out that ants in amber two million years old are the same as living ants: "the living ant comes today from out those primal chromosomes almost without a change," the same is true of man, yet Mr. Wiggam cannot see that the very immutability of the chromosomes which he so rightly emphasizes is disastrous for his argument. Man is so different from his ancestors of even ten thousand years ago, because he is the animal which changes his environment. By tradition and education, not by biological heredity we have built up something while the ant has remained where it was. Hence the greater importance of guarding and improving this environment, a practical task; while legislating for the chromosomes, apart from preventing some lunatics from having children, is as impossible as undesirable. Fifth, though our chromosomes are no better than Aristotle's, quite mediocre members of our generation can put him right on a number of subjects; this is not because we are better bred but because we have accumulated more knowledge through education. Sixth, Mr. Wiggam wants to fool the general public into believing that his opponents think that education improves the germplasm: most of them have not read enough Samuel Butler to dream that any case at all could be made out for neo-Lamarckism; thus Mr. Wiggam is only putting up a false target so as to have something easy to shoot, a possible tactic for a politician, but not for a scientist. The real social question is whether the good qualities latent in the germplasm shall have a chance of developing; a latent good is valueless to society, yet the only difference between latency and activity, as Mr. Wiggam himself says more than once, has nothing to do with heredity, but is a matter only of education.

Seventh, Mr. Wiggam wants laws "for finding potential criminals, prostitutes and paupers while they are yet children, which science can now quite often do and thus prevent their future ravages upon society." For pity's sake the old Inquisition rather than what our imagination reveals to us of the new one with Mr. Wiggam as Grand Inquisitor.

Beyond all this there is moreover an even more serious fault in Mr. Wiggam's work. In America, as nowhere else, the general public is interested in science and this is fortunate, for through scientific control of humanity, and through nothing else, lies the hope that we may escape the ignoble end to which our past follies have fully entitled us. As Galton said long ago, eugenics "must be introduced into the national conscience, like a new religion." Mr. Wiggam strives to introduce it like a sentimental best-seller.

JOHN LANGDON-DAVIES.

The Ninth of November

The Ninth of November, by Bernhard Kellermann. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company.. $2.50.

THE Ninth of November as a novel of war is an evidence of the transmutation through which that form of fiction has lately passed. The war novel of the last century was a novel of class or special interest, similar to the novel of politics, industry, religion or crime. It was naturally a stronghold of romance; and as military life was funnier than political, industrial, ecclesiastical or criminal life it gave ample opportunity for humor, its only rivals in this respect being sporting life, out of which came Pickwick Papers, and the life of schoolboys. It is characteristic of the place of war in English thought from Waterloo to the South African campaign that the purveyors of war fiction from Lever and Marryat to Kipling should have been rather trivial humorists. The Ninth of November comes to emphasize the novel of war in its new character as the most serious type of all fiction, and the most greatly tragic.

The change is due in part to the change in fiction itself as naturalism succeeded the romantic-realistic compromise. First from Russia, in Tolstoy's War and Peace, then from France in Zola's La Débâcle came the treatment of war in its stern actuality. In the last war the romantic humorous idealist who was so useful for military propaganda, speedily gave place to Barbusse and Latzko. But the change is more largely due to the changing nature of war itself, which the last conflict signalized. No longer is war predominantly an affair of corresponding classes in different countries, of sporting gentlemen playing the greatest game on earth with highly trained teams; or even of a section of the population told off according to age for sacrifice. It is an affair of the whole nation, as inclusive as industry or agriculture, entering into every relation of life, more penetrating in its social effect than any religious faith. In the last war, the great mass of people escaped death by projectiles or gas owing to technical deficiencies in armament which it is understood will be remedied before the next war; but they did not escape starvation, disease, and madness; they did not escape the license to selfishness and self-importance, the poison of hate—or the humiliation of surrender to these things. Of the new type of war fiction we have had examples—M. Rolland's Clérambault, Mr. George's Blind Alley, Mr. D. H. Lawrence's eloquent chapter, The Nightmare, in Kangaroo, and a corresponding section in Mr. Herrick's Waste. The most eminent corresponding novel in Germany is Bernhard Kellermann's The Ninth of November, now made available in English in the impressive translation of Caroline V. Kerr.

The inclusiveness of modern war, uniting a whole nation as one individual in its hopes and fears, its illusions and its sufferings, makes it possible for the new war fiction to deal with material of extraordinary magnitude—to realize the concept of a mass novel. This achievement Kellermann's book accomplishes more successfully than any of its rivals. His subject lends itself to unity—Germany in the last year of the War, awaiting the consummation, inevitable, hardly delayed by the last mad offensive. His story gathers about two centres, the fighting front and the capital, so near that we pass from one to the other on the same page, as Captain Falk in his airplane from a night of debauchery in Berlin to a morning of slaughter in the trenches. It moves back-

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ward and forward in time as the characters plunge into the past in dreams or into the future in visions.

These characters are types of the people, a great and heroic people and yet a petty and cringing people—in either aspect pathetic in its death agony. There is General von Hecht-Babenberg, "his broad face hewn out of granite, his gray eyes withdrawn into their deep sockets," who has been recalled from the front for useless slaughter in trying to hold the hill Quatre Vents, under the impression that it was of strategic importance, where a French general who shared the same delusion was his worthy opponent. He is a perfect model of military mind and conduct, imperturbable except for thunderstorms of wrath. When the tailor Hannschke, who has been in twenty-two storm attacks, is scudding for cover from a low-flying English plane he is more frightened than ever before—except on the day when by mistake he opened the door directly into his general's office. There is Otto, his son, who shoots himself in the hand to escape returning to the front, and his daughter Ruth who loves the people and their would-be leader. There is Ackermann, the discharged soldier, who dies proclaiming the revolution to a people mad with the delusion of victory. There is Herbst, the provincial schoolmaster, always in his stiff hat and ulster, whose son fell at Quatre Vents, and who haunts the general to his office, his home, to Stifter's or the Thiergarten. There are Captain Wunderlich, wounded and crippled, who fights without legs from his airplane, Captain Falk, "the steam roller," Stroebel, the profiteer, and Kunze, the spy. There are Dora von Doenhoff, spreading the expiring luxury of the Berlin monde, Hedi Westphal who sinks to the demi-monde, and her sister Clara, whose boy lover is shot down in his plane.

These characters are mingled in episodes which follow each other, short, vivid, sharply detached, each a complete impression, the perfection of journalistic writing. Human figures and events in their succession are like the symbols in a telegraph code which spell out one fatal message of national destiny. But more significant in giving its character to the novel, are the descriptions of the city in its mass movements of triumph and despair, its nightmare of suffering in darkness, hunger, cold, and grief.

> The giant city slept, she panted in her sleep. The people sweated in their beds, despite the icy cold of the house. The cold sweat stood on their brows, open-eyed they stared into the darkness. It was no longer as it had been at the beginning of the War, when the big city used to cry out at night—you remember, don't you? Every night horrible screams resounded from the houses and courtyards, horrible moaning, despairing sobs. Telegrams rained down upon the big city: fallen, fallen, thy son, thy husband, thy lover, the provider of thy children, fallen, fallen—and the big city shrieked! The pealing of bells announcing victory still rang through the air, youths and bearded men, adorned with flowers, hurried to the front . . .
>
> Now, they no longer screamed, they lay quite still, the cramped fingers dug into their breasts, they sat up in their beds and whispered—a name.
>
> The great city lay dark and still.
>
> Howling and moaning, the trains rolled along between the rows of darkened houses. These were the transports which came creeping into the half-lighted stations under cover of night, bringing the wounded men from the battlefields. The same men who had gone forth adorned with flowers. They must be hidden from the light of day. Gigantic shadows flickered over the dusty walls of the railway stations, stretcher-bearers moved here and there, automobiles on their rubber tires glided surreptitiously through the streets, to and fro, to and fro. Then the lights at the stations were extinguished, and they were again shrouded in darkness until another incoming train shrieked: "I am bringing them . . ."

The Ninth of November marks the end of the story of the downfall of bureaucrats and military caste, the death of von Hecht-Babenberg, the revolution, the arising of a people to the splendor and joy of self-possession, to which Ackermann had called them. A false dawn, but they believed it real. It is Wunderlich who reminds them solemnly: "We have the word of a hundred million American citizens!" The disillusionment is a theme for another book of similar massive character. For the moment the war novel reaches its culmination in this truth: the soldiers at the front lose their lives; the people for whom they die lose all that makes life worth living.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

A Wanderer in Beauty

The Life and Letters of John Muir, by William Frederick Badé. Two volumes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company. $7.50.

IN Remembered Yesterdays, Robert Underwood Johnson suggests the propriety of numbering John Muir among the great. These volumes of Professor Badé reveal the reason for that query. John Muir was an expert botanist and a geologist of originality. He was an intrepid explorer and a zealous and heroic mountaineer. He was, too, the "torch" from which the protagonists of our National Parks and Forest Reserves lit their flames. But these fields of action are too confined and possibly too subhuman to bestow greatness upon those who labor in them.

This biography indicates that Muir's title to greatness lies in his capacity to discover and revel in beauty. It contains letters of Muir which recall the vivid impression of his marvelous Stickeen and of certain essays, now gathered in Steep Trails. But the letters enlarge, deepen, exalt, the impression of the more formal writings. A man worth knowing is sure to leave the clue to his secret in his letters to his friends. It is these unique letters which constitute the charm of this work. Had Professor Badé not been so fearful of reproducing what Muir had already written in his Boyhood and Youth and in his descriptions of his travels, we should have had a fuller and more artistic biography, but these letters are sufficient to justify its publication.

John Muir was fundamentally a wanderer, but his letters are always written from home. On the cover of his journal he wrote: John Muir, Earth Planet, Universe. Few men dare to live at that address. This man braved its immensity. "The more I see of our Godly star, the more plain the truth that it is all one like a face, every feature radiating beauty on the others."

After a fearful accident in a saw-mill where he had stopped to fill his wanderer's pouch, he murmured, "My right eye is gone, closed on all God's beauty." So when sight partially returned, he concluded to open his eyes

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on God's beauty only. "I am a captive. Love of unblemished Nature seems to blot out all other considerations." He set out, therefore, at once upon his wanderings, moving through cities silently by compass, steering for "anywhere that is wild," living often on bread and tea and honey sucked from flowers, camping, when necessary, in a grave-yard to be far from men and close to birds, lying on rocks, as the glaciers did, bounding out into a fierce Alaskan storm, reaching a high summit and building a fire upon it that affrighted Eskimos that he might "join the trees in their hymns and prayers," mounting Shasta and Whitney alone through the snow in shirt sleeves, crossing untrodden glaciers unaccompanied for days, at seventy-three, walking first through Brazil and then through South Africa, insatiate of beauty, "hating personal rubbish" and "the mess of mere John Muir,"—"Sheltering myself in the thickest shade I could find, celebrating only the glory of God as I saw it in nature"—with all his scientific enthusiasm for the glacial theory "never for a moment thinking of leaving God's big show for a mere profship, call who may."

The wanderer had no hate of men, only of their way of living; he admired them, rather, for "holding fast to the concepts of the New Jerusalem and the immortality of souls with so much mud and gutter"; there are interesting glimpses of Emerson and Roosevelt and Asa Gray and Burroughs and Helen Hunt Jackson; we see, however, far finer reaches of the human heart when he leaves our cabined life and "going alone in silence, without baggage," "receives the mountains into his soul."

His apology for his pathless wanderings, written after his seventieth year, is, "I was pushed and pulled on and on by unwavering, never-ending love of God's earth, plans and works and eternal, immortal, all-embracing Beauty." To him animals, rocks, glaciers and men were all alike enveloped in sanctity. "Peopl who come here (to the Yosemite) should forget all that is called duty, they should forget their individual existences, should forget they were born. They should, as nearly as possible, live the life of a particle of dust in the wind." That is not rhetoric but experience.

Within a few minutes after a narrow escape from death, still drenched from the Falls which almost pounded his life out, he sits down and writes his dearest friend: "How significant does every atom of our world become amid the influences of those beings, unseen spiritual, angelic mountaineers that so throng these pure mansions of crystal foam and purple granite. I cannot refrain from speaking to this little bush at my side, 'Farewell to you and to all the things about us.'" It is always like this; heroism is engulfed in ecstasy.

Muir once wrote to Walter H. Page, "Get some pure wildness into your inky life." It is because, even while sitting at our desks and offices, we can bathe ourselves in this wild and childlike spirit, that we are in debt to Professor Badé. Muir cleanses like Wordsworth or Plato. Listen: "Aye, my lassie, it is a blessed thing to go free in the light of this beautiful world, to see God playing on everything, as a man would play on an instrument." . . . "I have been the happiest man I ever saw."

So perfect is his delight in every aspect of our baffling universe that we begin to believe that the Almighty is very like a Scot.

A. W. VERNON.

American Political Parties

The Evolution of American Political Parties, by Edgar E. Robinson. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $4.

THIS book by Professor Robinson of Stanford University gives an account of party groupings and contentions from the colonial period to the present day, and every chapter is supplied with a copious bibliographical note. It is the most thoroughly documented work that has appeared in its field. There is little in the way of examination of American party structure, or of the causes of its peculiarities; those matters do not come within the plan of the work, which is to state the purposes which parties have sought to accomplish from time to time. The genuine interests of the electorate have received little consideration; calculations of temporary expediency rule party action, and party action is controlled by a comparatively small body of experts who act with a view to their own advantage. Control of the party organization determines what issues shall be presented; public opinion has little to do with the process, or rather, what passes for public opinion is a manufacture of popular sentiment carried on mainly by party agency. At the most, all the choice the people have is to say which set of party candidates is the least objectionable. Of course, in such circumstances issues arising from public needs and not merely from party interest, find it hard to make any headway. Professor Robinson thinks that since "the fundamental conceptions of party held by the organizations in control of the present parties are not in any vital degree adaptable to the present condition of affairs in the United States, it would seem to follow that a new party movement was in time inevitable."

Despite the tone of scientific dispassionateness that pervades the work, one gets a pretty strong impression that it is a plea for a new party movement. It is remarked that the Republican party has been "amply revealed as of selfish design and cowardly practice, ruled by a small, and for the most part self-perpetuating, group of politicians." The Democratic party "stood revealed in office as a group dominated by tradition, routine and dry rot, and upon critical points unable to pursue a consistent policy." But what security can the voters have that a new party organization would not be just as rotten? The only suggestion offered by Professor Robinson which bears on this point is that the new party should be "an organization of a comparatively few men who are supported by a great number of enrolled citizens to whom they are responsible and by whom they may be removed." He adds: "The need calls for actual enrollment, payment of dues and continuous support." He seems to think that the tasks of such a party organization would be simplified if it concentrated its efforts upon the presidential election. He remarks: "Capture the Presidency, and political parties will re-form in Congress on the basis of a new alignment, a genuine alignment upon the issues that divide the electorate at the time."

With all respect for Professor Robinson's views, I must say that this scheme strikes me as quite chimerical. It merely applies the principle of the direct primary and of the recall to the choice of party managers, and there is no prospect that it will work any better in that field than where it now operates. So long as reformers are actuated by the notion that good government is to be obtained by electing good men to office, their efforts will continue to be

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mischievous. They are attacking the problem at the wrong end. As Burke remarked: "Where there is a regular scheme of operations carried on, it is the system, and not any individual who acts in it, that is truly dangerous." The nature of constitutional government depends upon the selective effect of the conditions it attaches to the exercise of power. It really doesn't matter how you catch your candidate provided you know how to cook him. Not until reformers turn their attention to the cooking process, will they be able to effect any improvement. The members of the Swiss Congress maintain good government, not because they are well chosen but because they are well cooked. Put them under such raw conditions as exist in our Congress and bum politics would be just as abounding as in our Congress.

Turning now from the abstract to the concrete, consider what would be the result of making practically effective the constitutional provision requiring the President to recommend to Congress "such measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient," by admitting the heads of departments to the floor of Congress as in Switzerland! The Pendleton report of February 4, 1881, in favor of this measure, remarked:

> This system will require the selection of the strongest men to be heads of departments, and will require them to be well equipped with the knowledge of their offices. It will also require the strongest men to be leaders in Congress and participate in debate. It will bring these strong men in contact, perhaps into conflict, to advance the public weal, and thus stimulate their abilities and their efforts, and will thus assuredly result to the good of the country.

Here we have an instance of the way in which conditions may react upon the character of men in office. There have been cabinet appointments which made people wonder what the President could have been thinking of when he made them. It would be rude to mention names, but the reader may think of some, and then let him ask himself whether such men could have been picked for such jobs, if their duties had involved such sharp responsibilities as that system would impose?

It is only by action on such lines that the character of candidates and of party management can be improved. Those are matters which take care of themselves when sound constitutional arrangements are made. That is not a simple or an easy problem, but there is no way of cleansing and dignifying party activities except by tackling it successfully.

HENRY JONES FORD.

A Reply from Mr. Robinson

SIR: Mr. Ford's review of my book appears to be chiefly controversial; indeed, except for portions of the first two paragraphs, it is not a review at all. Yet I hesitate to continue the controversy in these columns. To be productive (to the onlooker) it would require not only an adequate statement of the thesis of the book, which does not appear in what Mr. Ford has written, but also considerable background material as to the meaning of "party," which is, I think, the root of the difficulty Mr. Ford has found in accepting what he finds to be the conclusion of my book.

However, this much may be said. Mr. Ford is impressed with the idea that it is a plea for a new party, and so too will his readers be from quotations he has given. He states that

> Professor Robinson thinks that since "the fundamental conceptions of party held by the organizations in control of the present parties are not in any vital degree adaptable to the present condition of affairs in the United States, it would seem to follow that a new party movement was in time inevitable."

Now the paragraph reads as follows:

> If it should be shown, however, that the peculiar conditions out of which the American party system developed have altered to such a degree as to make the original impelling purpose of the two great parties inapplicable to the present needs, and that the fundamental conceptions of party held by the organizations in control of the present parties are not in any vital degree adaptable to the present condition of affairs in the United States, it would seem to follow that a new party movement was in time inevitable, even though it might mean, for a period, at least, a powerful third party. If such a movement were undertaken with a firm grasp upon a political purpose fitting the present state of development in America, and with a sufficient determination to keep clear of the mistakes of earlier attempts to break the hold of the dominant parties, it might prove an effective way out of what appears to an increasing body of citizens a political impasse.

The point is that I have not marshalled facts to prove the case for a new party, or several new parties. I have however spent 350 pages in showing how we came to be where we are, and hardly more than a dozen to the possible lessons be drawn therefrom. By mistaking the purpose of the book, Mr. Ford has misjudged the author.

Again he quotes my characterization of the Republican and Democratic party organizations, made in the course of a summary, and somewhat misleading out of the context, and raises the query, "what security can the voters have that a new party organization would not be just as rotten?" No security, certainly, but hope. Most of all, because a new conception of party, based as it must be on a contemporary need, will bring about greater party responsibility in government, which is what Mr. Ford wants.

My suggestions as to make-up of a modern party are brief, for, as Mr. Ford says, it is not a book of party structure. But comment upon them ought, I think, to include this statement:

> There has been, and still is, little realization that as long as the underlying appeal of the old parties is widely accepted, there is no hope whatever that a third party will be successful or enduring. Schisms within the parties, and particularly class movements, will continue to play into the hands of the upholders of party tradition in the United States. Fundamentally weak are all pronouncements of program upon economic issues, particularly when of primary interest to a single section or industrial interest. A widespread demand for a new party must first develop. Until the average man sees in a new party a new *function* for party it is certain that every movement, however sound its proposals, will remain weaker than the old organizations.

Finally I call Mr. Ford's attention to my conclusion: "that neither good government nor good men in government is a sufficient answer to the present need."

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It would seem from what Mr. Ford has written that he does not believe in the extension of the powers of democracy as a solution for an aggravated case of party maladjustment. He questions whether it will bring desirable results. How do we know? Even a measure of success would place in the cabinet—to take one example—representatives of the unofficial party organization. That would make quite a difference, that is, if one is seeking better means for insuring responsible party government. Let the present situation in Washington point the moral!

EDGAR E. ROBINSON.

Stanford University.

The Undefeated Rat

Memoirs of the Foreign Legion, by M. M. With an introduction by D. H. Lawrence. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

M., an American citizen and the illegitimate grandson of a German emperor, committed suicide in Malta just as the police were going to arrest him for fraud and debt, and so died, says Lawrence, "like a good rat, determined not to be trapped."

"I could," continues this introducer and unwilling friend, who had already lent him so much, "by giving half my money, have saved his life. . . . No, I would not help to keep him alive, not if I had to choose again. I would let him go over into death."

This manuscript is published in the hope that it will repay some of the debts of this "prime hypocrite," this "little loving vampire," this "little smart man of the shabby world." Apparently Lawrence rescues the memoirs, and writes an introduction for them, mainly to discharge a debt of honor. The result is as brilliant a piece of writing as he has ever done. To this we shall return later, for the memoirs ought to be read first, and Lawrence's illumination of them afterwards.

M— went to Tunis to enlist in the legion. People said to him, "I don't know what you've come here for, but you'll find life much too hard for a man of your habits." Very soon he found out that they were right. For M— was in clothes, body, mind and soul the essence of finicky dapperness. At once he was plunged into what seemed to him a sea of human mud. Most of the Legionnaires were Germans or pro-German, and M— was rigidly enthusiastic for the Allies. Most of the officers were unbearably brutal, and M— liked to be treated politely. Most of his comrades were thieves, liars, criminals, morons, the scum of the earth, and M— was a gentleman. The clothes handed out to him were filthy, and M— loved to be dressed decently. The food was disgustingly uneatable, and M— had the most refined of palates. Within a short time M— had only two things on his mind: "to keep myself straight at all costs, and to get out." He managed to get transferred to France, to Valbonne, where he finally met a few Americans, who had a reputation for being good fighters, but "most of whom were nearly always in prison." And there too the one idea in everybody's head was to get out of the Legion at all costs.

With the tremulous, stealthy persistence of a small animal in a trap, M— bends all his dapper energies, spread over many dozen pages, to getting out of the Legion. He tries to cash a check. "Everywhere I was met with suspicion, lack of all courtesy and respect, and insulted in a thousand subtle ways. It was too much. . . . I was treated like a dog, a ruffian, a blackguard, an outcast. . . ." Eventually, after infinite pains, plannings, fears and subterfuges, he reaches Paris, gets some money, takes the train to the Riviera, via Lyons. "I took good care to spend all the time of that long stop at Lyons washing, and did not come out until I felt the train moving. . . . I spent the interminable wait at Marseilles in the washroom too." Pages later, after an agony of anxious dodging, of enduring suspicious eyes, he is safe, over the border. "At Bordighera I went to a hotel and asked for a whisky and soda—I needed it. I sat down and wrote to the hotel in Mentone explaining the situation . . . and gave instructions about my baggage."

Pitiful, repulsive rodent, forever trembling, forever disgusted, yet not ashamed to tell us the least of his little terrors and disgusts, not ashamed to hold up out of the mud before the world the banner of his fastidiousness. What a gray narrative he unrolls for us, what a trivial odyssey of anæmic sufferings, what a sacrifice of thin blood, what a martyrdom of feeble elegance. What a man—or half-a-man: permanently chilled from birth, clinging desperately, valiantly to the sunless negatives of being clean, and respected, and decently fed, and not insulted, and having checks cashed for him on sight like a gentleman. And what a document, as remarkable a record of ignoble, invincible pride as we have read. From contempt in the first pages one passes, as the recollected details drip, drop by accurate drop, page after page, to something like amazement. This man has drawn his own portrait of something half alive, yet gifted with a stubborn will to continue life, no matter how miserably decent, no matter how shabbily respectable. How did he appear to others?

When Lawrence first met M— in Florence, several years later, "he looked a man of about forty, spruce and youngish in his deportment, very pink-faced, and very clean, very natty, very alert, like a sparrow painted to resemble a tom-tit. . . . His voice was precise and a little mincing, and it had an odd high squeak. . . . His room was very clean and neat, and slightly perfumed with essences. . . . He minced about, in demi-toilette. On his dressing table stood many cut-glass bottles and silver-topped bottles with essences and pomades and powders . . . all he had was expensive and finicking: thick leather, silver-studded suit cases, trouser stretcher all nice, hair brushes and clothes brush with old ivory backs. I wondered over him and his niceties and little pomposities. He was a new bird to me. . . . He had a queer delicacy of his own, varying with a bounce and a commonness. He was a common little bounder. And then he had this curious delicacy and tenderness and wistfulness. . . ."

He was in trouble, Lawrence guessed it was money, and sent him a little. Then Lawrence went to see him in his monastery; an old cold, stone mediæval monastery on a mountain. From the mountain could be seen, way below, "the station like a little harbor where trucks like shipping stood anchored in rows in the black bay of railway." On the mountain lived priests, and peasants—"Old World peasants with the hard, small bony faces and deep-lined faces and utterly blank minds, crying their speech as crows cry, and living their lives as lizards among the rocks"—and there was M—, with an overcoat on at dinner time, eating a cold orange for dessert, sipping syrupy liqueurs.

Lawrence went to Sicily; M— followed and tried to

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borrow money. Of those little negotiations Lawrence's fascinated irritation makes a remarkable story, trivial, vivid, terribly real. He hates M—. He thinks him common, foolish, empty, complacent, despicable. But still M— fascinates him, and forces out of him some of the most sharp and solid and furious writing he has ever done.

Another than Lawrence would feel amusement or pity mixed with his irritated contempt. What Lawrence feels is rather exasperated admiration for the only specimen of a certain type, a long last astounded look before the insect disappears between foot and floor; before it is time for his epitaph:

> Well, poor devil, he is dead, which is all the better. He had his points, the courage of his own terrors, quickwittedness, sensitiveness to certain things in his surroundings. I prefer him, scamp as he is, to the ordinary respectable person. He poisoned himself rather than fall into the clutches of the police . . .
>
> . . . And for my part, I will put his Legion book before the world. . . . Let him have his place, let him have his word. . . . M—— carried the human consciousness through circumstances which would have been too much for me. For manhood is a strange quality, to be found in human rats as well as in hot-blooded men.
>
> R. L.

A Lost Leader Restored

David Wilmot, Free-Soiler, by Charles Buxton Going. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $6.

THERE is just a little thrill in the title of this book. Somehow the name, Wilmot Proviso, sticks in the mind of "every schoolboy," and in later life he feels instinctively that its reputed author must be an old friend or enemy, even though all idea of the meaning of the Proviso itself may have long ago departed from recollection. No doubt the term, Wilmot Proviso, with its half foreign sound, belongs in the same class with "the unforgettable Constantinoples and Popocatepetles of childhood." One would gladly become acquainted with the personality of David Wilmot—an interesting fellow, surely.

But let the "gentle reader" beware of Mr. Going's volume. He will find there no vivid word-painting of a strong chieftain of old. Instead, the man Wilmot is largely swallowed up in the history of the political details of his period. Many pages of the work read much like a paraphrase of the Congressional Globe, and the whole is about as sprightly and keen as the average doctor's dissertation.

It is not meant to imply however that the author has failed to produce a valuable book. On the contrary, he has carried out a laborious and painstaking research. The student of history, already interested in that stiffening of northern opinion against the South which led finally to the election of Lincoln and the Civil War, will be grateful to Mr. Going for assembling David Wilmot's public acts in a series and especially for printing so many of his letters and speeches—a very important service.

Perhaps no more could be done. The unhappy loss of Wilmot's private papers and correspondence has prevented the conscientious biographer from revealing that personal motivation which modern psychology shows to be the essence of a human career.

Especially regrettable is the bare skeleton which is left of the early years of the champion of Free Soil. Though "the facts," so far as they could be unearthed by Mr. Going, are duly set before us, the real record of the intimate environmental influences which gave slant to Wilmot's mind and moulded his resolute will in infancy do not appear. A New England inheritance, a childhood amidst almost frontier conditions in a Pennsylvania community of small farmers, and some evidence of Quaker teaching at an impressionable time of youth, these tell part of the story but by no means all. Otherwise there would have been many David Wilmots instead of one.

Only a few bits of real personality break through the tense record of public action given us by our author. David Wilmot was "a brave and devoted public servant," but he was also an inveterate chewer of tobacco. One need not be a defender of that noxious habit to like the exalted Free-Soiler a little better for the human frailty.

To the public life of Wilmot Mr. Going does full justice. His pages reveal a man entering politics by the usual approach of party service who, nevertheless, cared more for what he believed were democratic principles than for the Democratic party itself. He risked political destruction at the hands of a Democratic administration rather than betray democracy. He suffered for his faith and was saved only by that miracle of American politics, the creation of a new party.

David Wilmot was not the first to oppose the extension of slavery. Our author is of course obliged to show how his Proviso derives from Jefferson's Ordinance of 1784, the Ordinance of 1787, and the Tallmadge Amendment of 1820. But he very properly emphasizes the fact that it was Wilmot's measure over which the battle for Free Soil was renewed during the Mexican War and over the principle of which it continued until the secession of the southern states. Though our fathers knew well who kindled the fire, it is a matter which we have somehow forgotten.

To the historical student the most interesting chapter of the book is that in which Mr. Going discusses the authorship of the Proviso ascribed by such high authorities as McMaster and the American Nation Series to Jacob Brinkerhoff of Ohio. Our author's effort to restore Wilmot as the real initiator and unterrified defender of this great measure appears entirely successful. And his placing of Wilmot among the foremost of Free Soil leaders admits of no question.

The true David Wilmot was not an obscure tool chosen because of availability to introduce an amendment prepared by others, but a man who ranks with Chase, Sumner, Hamlin and Hale as a pioneer of the Radical Republican party of 1856.

To the present day liberal, confronted by the impenetrable obstacle of party inertia, the story of such a leader, even as presented in Mr. Going's rather heavy pages, must have interest and perhaps carry some practical instruction. In our time one can feel a little more cheerful after reading the quotation from Wilmot which the author has put opposite his first page. In 1849 the champion of Free Soil, Free Speech, Free Labor and Free Men wrote, "I have stood through the day as the standard-bearer of a forlorn hope."

E. P. TANNER.

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Contrasts

A Naked King, by Albert Adès. New York: Albert and Charles Boni. $2.

The Spanish Farm, by R. H. Mottram. New York: The Dial Press. $2.50.

The House of Prophecy, by Gilbert Cannan. New York: Thomas Seltzer. $2.

THESE three books can be included in one review, not because of points of similarity or of like tendency, but because of points of contrast. Two of them are well done; but entirely apart in aim and perhaps in absolute value. The third is a book of that sort which helps a reviewer to throw the good into high light against the bad.

Mr. Cannan's publishers say that he is pursuing "his Balzacian ideal." There is a touch of megalomania in such a thought for the only apparent approach to Balzac in The House of Prophecy is in spots of slip-shod writing. But Balzac had a gigantic mind which could bridge gaps, and Cannan has no such mind, if this book is a fair sample. I suppose that the Balzac obsession comes from the fact that Cannan is consciously straining to create a large social picture and to discover structural changes taking place in England during and after the War. He has only succeeded in winding himself into a puerile mystery of sly forces: potently flowing and mystical money, tricky Jews, and the like. It all centres in a nervous melodrama around a figure reminiscent of Bertrand Russell. It is a bad and hysterical piece of business, and representative of the state of a great many writers who have been thrown off in one way or another by the late disclosure of old realities.

Against such a background the clear artistry of Mr. Mottram and M. Adès shines like stars, which is really more than Mottram deserves. The Spanish Farm also comes out of the War, but it comes cleanly and sharply, a story of the vicissitudes of a farm in northwestern France, and the love and character of the daughter of that farm. It is a solid, economically done piece of work, and yet it goes no farther than that. Galsworthy has written a short, restrainedly praiseful preface for it, which is quite understandable, for the Spanish Farm has the same well-done dullness of a good deal of Galsworthy's own work. As an example of what is called "a convincing picture," it is excellent, and represents a large class of novel writing. There are numberless men and women who can write well and present us with documents, pictures, slices of life, studies, and all that line. They instruct and sometimes amuse, but their insufficiency in the face of literature becomes apparent when they are contrasted with a creative effort like A Naked King.

When Adès and Josipovici wrote Goha the Fool they created a Cairo of incredible variety, pungency and beauty, and then they derided that city of their creation. This was done without comment or the racket of emphasis; it was simply that, at the end of their book, the only people of their city who had any satisfaction of life were Goha, the simpleton himself, the beautiful and wealthy widow who had seen him naked outside her window and had had him brought in for a husband to her, and the procuress who had been well paid for this transaction. Adès, writing a Naked King without Josipovici, has created a Paris. He was an Egyptian who had come to that city and, like almost all writers in French who have not consciously avoided the French capital, he was impelled to attempt a Parisian world. This creation is not so successful as was Cairo because in this case he was not so impregnated with the sticks and mud out of which he was to build. But in this case, too, he derides, more seriously and emphatically than before, the world of his creation, this time in the person of Fauvarque, one of the very few convincing presentations of a genius in all the literature which has used that dangerous material. He is a painter, more direct and gay and sober than the life in which he exists. The figures of financial and artistic and social Paris which surround him form a commonplace epic through which runs the thread of Fauvarque, a lyric so intense that it chars and shrivels the surrounding world and finally bursts into flame at the end.

And yet the outward manifestations of Fauvarque are not so very original. Like false geniuses in false life and false books, he is unwordly, unable to sell his greatest work, moving from eviction to eviction with careless gaiety, and so on. He has all the attributes of a Montmartre tale of artists, and yet none of their cheapness. He is not a portrait, an observed type, but an organic creation conceived of large and just emotions in the mind of Adès and enveloped in distinguished thought. This is not to say that he must indeed be a great painter, or that Adès is on the inside of the art of painting; but that Fauvarque actually moves across the pages in an atmosphere of personal greatness, walking in the light of serene clarity. Beside him there is placed Carlos Sentilhes, the successful social portrait painter, to serve as a satire on the weakness of all artists, as Fauvarque is a monument to their strength.

Everything is taken from Fauvarque; his child, his wife, his house and his friend, and he is indeed naked. It is then that Adès allows him a lyric outburst:

> Then I understood . . . that we have only to hold ourselves tranquil as though in front of a stage. We station ourselves there and we watch worries in cardboard, dreams in cardboard, lives in cardboard, passing by . . . and if a man cares to ask me who we are, I shall say to him: Me, I am King, and She is Queen.

If Adès had lived to pull the last section of his book closer to the image of his desire, it might possibly have stood near the timeless dramatic soliloquies. The death of Adès was one of the nastier turns of chance.

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